

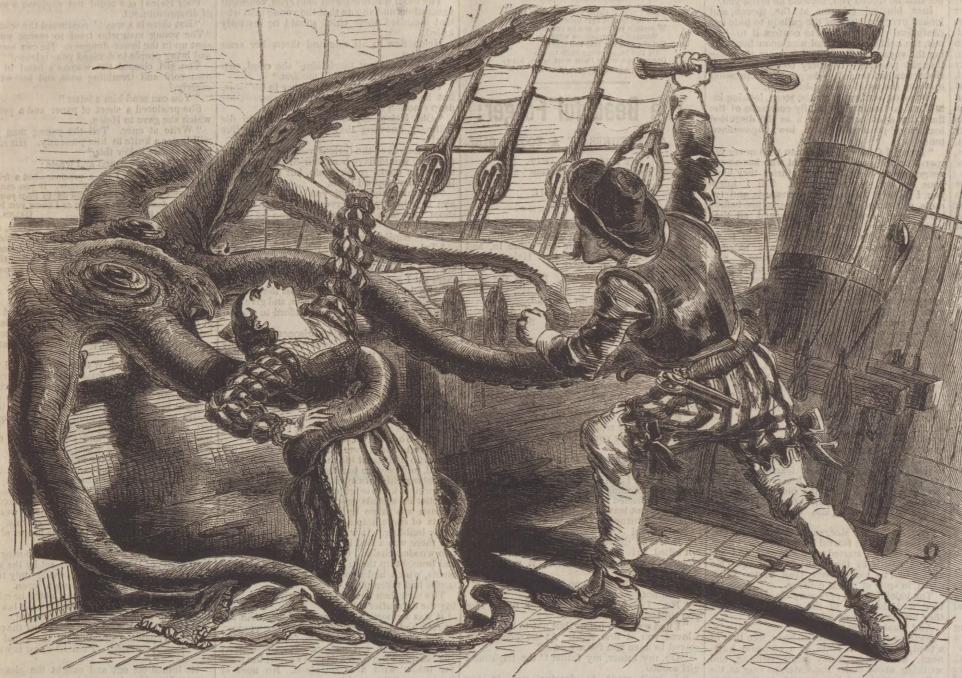
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As Dona Inez uttered a faint shriek in those horrible coils, the Biscayan heaved up the boarding-ax, and flercely attacked the terrible monster.

# THE SEA-CAT; Witch of Darien.

A STORY OF THE SPANISH MAIN.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER, Author of "The Red Rajah," "Double-Death," "The Rock Rider," etc., etc., etc.

OHAPTER I.

THE GALLEON.

A TERRIBLE cyclone was raging over the Caribbean Sea, sweeping over the palm-fringed islands, tearing up trees by the roots, hurling the thatched huts of the natives to the earth like card houses, and scattering their remnants in the air like scraps of paper.

Ships at sea caught in that fearful hurricane had their masts torn out of them, snapped like pipe-stems, and were dashed and buffeted about by the angry waves, till their seams gaped with onen wounds, and the derouring stee open wounds, and the devouring sea overwhelmed and ingulfed them.

Black clouds shut out the light of the sun as

with a pall of velvet, and revolved slowly in a huge circle, a hundred miles or more in diame-ter, around a central point, where a funnel-like opening let in a view of the calm sky above, blue, eternal, and unchangeable, in solemn contrast to the fearful tornado raging below.

Under the slowly-revolving pall of cloud howled the tempest of wind, driving in an exactly opposite direction, with such force that it cut off the tops of the waves, and reduced the sea to a flattened mass of white foam, flying through the air in a thick mist.

In the larboard bow, two needle-like peaks rose out of the sea, the well-known Pitons of St. Lucia, and toward these the galleon was steering her course. through the air in a thick mist.

Not a drop of rain fell at the outskirts of this Only the fierce cyclone howled over the waters like a ravenous beast hungry for prey. But all around the silent funnel in the center a sheet of water was falling from the black clouds, while the glare of lightning and the roll of thunder never ceased. Far outside, on the outskirts of the storm, where the wind was less violent and the waves rolled reports in the store of the storm.

her to be homeward bound, in all probability with treasures for Spain, for it was in the year of grace 1664, and the Spaniards ruled all Peru

and Mexico.

The galleon, which bore the name NUESTRA
SENORA DEL ASUNCION on her stern, did not seem to have suffered much in the hurricane, chiefly because she had avoided its full force by keeping on the outskirts, owing to the skill of a passenger on board, and not to any seaman-ship of the commander.

That commander, a white-haired cavalier of That commander, a white-haired cavalier of very distinguished appearance, was none other than Don Alonzo del Campo y Espinosa, late Governor of Cartagena de las Indias, now going home with his daughter, Dona Inez, to Spain.

The old Governor paced the poop, watching the breaking storm, for every minute drove it further and further away, and the galleon, as she got further and further from the center, began to spread her wings once more and travel

Don Alonzo looked worn and anxious, for the storm had tried the vessel severely, and

they were not out of danger yet.

The demons of the storm might have been cheated of their prey, but other demons remained, no less dreaded by the Spaniards, and especially by those sailing in treasure-ships—the buccaneers.

while the course she was steering proclaimed I shoulders. His square, bull-dog jaw and satur- I Spain? and what right had these dogs of hunnine face, were decidedly Celtic, his curling hair, contrary to the fasion, was cut somewhat short, and his mustache was thin and long, waxed in the military mode, but unrelieved by a chin tuft. Despite the decidedly un-Spanish style of his countenance, he was dressed in the panish style, with richly embossed armor, and gold-broidered velvets and satins, and he spoke the language with such a pure accent that an old Castilian might have claimed brotherhood

with him. "And so you think there is no further danger of our meeting with those accursed devils of buccaneers, Don Enrique?" said the Governor, as he paced to and fro on the poop, scanning

the horizon at every turn. Inez was seated on the carved seat above the stern gallery, working quietly at an embroidered altar-cloth. She raised her soft eyes to the keen orbs of Don Enrique, and shuddered as she

"Oh! Holy Virgin protect us. I hope so, Se-

Don Enrique Morganos had been furtively watching the beautiful devotee, and started slightly as she spoke. His dark face flushed a little as he said "No pirate, be he ever so bloody, would dare

to harm you, senorita. "I would rather trust to our good pieces of eighteen for protection than the beauty of an angel," said the old Governor, a little sarcastically. "These rovers, the scum of every land, are none too good to rob a church; and sacrile-

ters, English, French, or what you will, to trespass on our preserves? One would think you were one of them, Senor Morganos, instead of a oyal gentleman of Biscay, to hear you plead for

Morganos only smiled in answer. He allowed the hot-headed old soldier to cool down, before he said : "I only stated the other side of the case, se

nor. The buccaneers, at least the English portion of them, are heretics, and care not for his Heliness. I do not justify them. If any such as they were to come in my way, 'tis but a short shrift I would give them."

"No shorter than I," returned Espinosa, angrily. "I would they would try conclusions with me now, in open sea, with a good ship under my feet. But that is not their game. They always select some coward to plunder."

Don Enrique turned away and looked over

the quarter of the galleon over the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea. A little white speck was just becoming visible there, as yet quite unnoticed from the ship. He turned back to the old Spaniard, with his peculiar sardonic smile.

"Perhaps not," he said. "Yonder's a sail in chase of us, and from the lift of her topsails I should judge her to be one of the buccaneers." Don Alonzo started and gazed eagerly as-

The strange sail was coming from the northwest, the direction of Jamaica, and pursuing a course that promised to cut them off before they reached St. Lucia.

"Perhaps not. These pirates fight well, however. Supposing yonder vessel should be one of Lollonois' cruisers?"

The old Governor's face underwent a change.

Lollonois was the most universally dreaded of all the pirates of the Caribbean, from the piti-less warfare which he waged against the Spanards, and the desperate ferocity of his assaults.

But as Don Alonzo surveyed his gallant and well-ordered ship, his courage rose into indignation at the momentary tremor.

"Let it be Lollonois himself, with all his crew of demons: he shall not escape me, if he once attacks me, senor," he said. "Ho! at the masthead, there! Where are your eyes, that you can not see the ship on the larboard quarter?"

The man who was stationed in the little battlemented hutch at the masthead, known as the "Crow's Nest," looked over the side at his commander, in some trepidation.

commander, in some trepidation.

"The sun was in my eyes, senor, as I looked ahead," he answered; "but I see her now.
"Tis a vessel with two masts, canoe-rigged."

"A pirate, beyond a doubt," muttered Don Enrique to himself, in English. ""Twould be a strange thing were she to—no, she shall not."

He turned away to the larboard quarter, and looked earnestly at the stranger, while Don Alonzo's powerful voice echoed from the summit of the aftereastle, crying:

"All hands on deck! A pirate is coming down upon us! Mariners to the ropes, and soldiers to the guns! By the blessing of Heaven we will sink the accursed wretches in the bottom of the sea!"

At the sound of the commander's voice, the sailors started up from their various occupa-

At the sound of the commander's voice, the sailors started up from their various occupations, with vast noise and clamor, and a number of men came pouring up the hatches from below. There were mariners, in their red caps and short kilts, to work the vessel, and a crowd of soldiers to do the fighting, as was the usual custom in those days. The bright helmets and cuirasses of these latter gave the vessel a formidable appearance, as they clustered around the guns in the waist, and manned the lofty forecastle with its battery of light guns.

Don Enrique Morganos seemed to be entirely unconscious of what was going on, as he looked at the white sails of the fast approaching stranger. He was buried in some somber reverie, from which he was suddenly awakened by a light touch on his arm. He started, and looked round to meet the pleasing dark eyes of Dona Inez. The girl exhibited none of the ordinary tremors of her sex at the approach of battle. She rather seemed some softly sorrowing angel, who grieved at the perils of others.

"Senor Morganos" she said in a low tone.

who grieved at the perils of others.
"Senor Morganos," she said in a low tone,
"is yonder vessel a pirate?" am sure of it," responded

Morganos, gravely.
"Can we not escape without slaughter?" she asked, suddenly. I fear not, senorita." "Think, senor. You told us once that you

had been a captive to these buccaneers, and knew all their secret ways. Can you not devise some means of escape for us?"

"If I do," said the other, looking her full in the face, "what good will it bring me, senor-

ita?"

"If the blessing of a daughter for helping her father be of good, I will bless and love you for it, senor," said Inez, warmly.

"Will you love me for it?" he asked, abruptly.

She blushed deeply, as she answered:

"As much as a Christian maiden may, that hopes to be the spouse of our Lord. Remember, I am vowed to the church, senor."

"Your father says not so, Dona Inez."
"My father will consent in good time, Don Enrique. But you do not answer my question. Can you not think of a way to escape the sin of slaying yonder wicked men in their sins?" "I can, if you will promise to love me for it. Not without," he said, obstinately, and his keen

Not without," he said, obstinately, and his keen eyes glittered strangely.

"Then do it," said Inez, impetuously; and she shrunk away, red as fire, when she saw the triumphant glitter in the eyes of the strange Biscayan, whose manner had puzzled her during all the voyage from Chagres. Don Enrique had come aboard there, with letters from the Viceroy of Mexico, and had prayed a passage to the island of St. Lucia, where the Asuncion was to touch on her voyage to Cadiz. He had become a great favorite of Don Alonzo, on account of his eyident experience in warfare; and count of his evident experience in warfare; and his presence on board seemed to have acted as a charm against the buccaneers, for they had seen none till that day, when almost out of

"I will do it," he said now, in a low tone, to Inez, with a look of great meaning. "But, mark my words, senorita, I will have my re-

He turned away as he spoke, with a careless glance at the strange vessel, now plainly in sight, and descended the ladder that led to the waist, whence he entered the cabin below the

Inez del Campo calmly returned to her seat over the stern gallery, and watched the maneu-vers of the two vessels, with an interest that was gradually quickening into excitement, despite her usual calmness.

cially by those sailing in treasure-ships—the orthunder never ceased. Far outside, on the outskirts of the storm, where the wind was less violent, and the waves rolled mountains high, where the ragged scul-clouds at the degree of the ranged scul-clouds at the degree of the cyclone went flying through the air like seared sca-birds, a small vessel, made of the trunk of a single tree, slim and elegant in shape, was climbing the slopes of the billows, only to plunge madly into the trough of a single tree, slim and elegant in shape, was climbing the slopes of the billows, only to plunge madly into the trough of the sea at the opposite side, under a single, close-reefed lateen sail.

An only a mile sway from her, but rapidly drifting nearer, was a tall and stately ship, with lotty forceastle and poop, covered with carrying commissions, robbed them of all their voices of the sail state of the was a remarkable person. He was a bead shorter than Espinosa, very spare and lean, but with immensely broad to the dark of the strong of the Spanish galleon of the largest size, spare and lean, but with immensely broad to the outskins of the stance. The strange evest was, compared to the day now of every land, are none too good to rob a clurch; and sacrile, and searched. The time of the strong that would show no mere that promised to cut them of the stery reached St. Lucia.

And even at that distance it became plain for outself and power and the stranger was a fast sailer, able to over hair the year even to an angel.

The time was the royal time for the searovers, shocked on the variety even to exclude the wind serious persons such as the would show no mere they could see. Sho where the provent is they could see. Sho where the provent is they could see. Sho they could see. Sho they could see that proving leads they could see. Sho they could see that proving commissions of the to passed the season for sale to passing ships. In the proving of the sea at the proving commissions, robbed them of all their passing allocons, where the s The strange vessel was, compared to the

of force had the buccaneers acquired their name of terror, and the instances of large galleons being taken by just such periaguas, by the force of ferocious bravery at close quarters, were frequent and well remembered. Brave as was Don Alonzo, he did not covet the task of fighting even this one pirate, seeing the demoralizing fear that was already creeping over his crew at the approach of the much dreaded

rew at the approach of the much dreaded fithustieros.

The galleon stood steadily on toward St. Lucia, the two conical Pitons being now plainly visible, even to the ravines furrowing their sides. The captain of the Asuncion was determined to run in between these two mountains, and fight, if necessary, in the deep land-locked bay that lies between them, in sight of the town and forts, and in reach of help from land if possible. That a vessel of forty guns should the reduced to the ravines of the first state of the first state of the town and forts, and in reach of help from land if possible. That a vessel of forty guns should the reduced to the ravines of the first state if possible. That a vessel of forty guns should be reduced to such a humiliating course will show to what an extent was the terror spread by the buccaneers. That the incident is by no means an exaggeration, contemporary history will vouch. The Asuncion, with forty guns and two hundred and fifty men, crowded all sail to escape from a periagua without a cannon, and probably holding sixty men at the most. But it soon became doubtful whether she would escape her pigmy antagonist, without

fighting in the open sea. The Pitons were coming plainer and plainer into sight; and the deep bay, with the houses of Santa Lucia at its further extremity, was almost ahead, when the white foam, cast from the bow of the periagua, was plainly audible in their ears, and the next moment the plucky little craft shot across their forefoot, and, falling off from the wind, came sweeping past with a rush like that of an angry tiger, steering grapping-iron, caught in the fore signing, was not three feet from the side of the buccaneer perlagua. A crowd of powerful, bearded men, in glittering armor, and loaded with weapons, rose up as the irons were thrown with the clear sea, and painfully conscious of the flush that dyed her very neck as the disguised buccaneer proceeded, in a low, impassioned tone:

"Inez del Campo, I am a man who never not the clear sea, and painfully conscious of the flush that dyed her very neck as the disguised buccaneer proceeded, in a low, impassioned tone:

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"Inez del Campo, I am a man who never not the clear sea, and painfully conscious of the buccaneer proceeded, in a low, impassioned tone: so close to the galleon's weather side that a grappling iron, caught in the fore egging, was

rose up as the irons were thrown, with a hourse shout of triumph, brandishing their swords. It must not be supposed that the crew of the galleon were idle. Several ineffectual shots had been fired at the pirate from the lee guns; had been fired at the pirate from the lee guns; rants, robbers of helpless Indians, to flee before but naval gunnery was then in its infancy, and brave men. But you have changed all that the sea was too rough to make good practice at the best. The great guns were almost harmless. In another moment it is probable that the buccaneers would have boarded the Spaniard,

when a sudden interruption occurred. Don Enrique Morganos rushed out of the cabin, sprung on a gun in the waist, and shouted to the pirates in a strange tongue.

#### CHAPTER III. THE SEA-CAT.

What the Biscayan said, or in what language he spoke, the crew of the Asuncion never knew. The effect of his words was surprising.

The rope that held the grappling-irons to the began to dawn on her senses, which, for the galleon was cast loose, and one of the Spaniards time, completely distracted her attention from

Don Alonzo had hardly time to utter an ex-clamation of wonder, when the long, tapering lateen yard of the buccaneers passed over the weather quarter of the galleon, and was gone.

Then he saw Don' Emrique lenp down from

the gun and enter the cabin as calmly as if nothing had happened.
"Madre de Dios!" exclaimed the old soldier: "what manner of man is this? How did he do it? He must be a wizard!"

He turned to his daughter, Incz, who had maintained her seat on the stern with perfect tranquillity during the imminent danger that had just passed away from them, and asked

"Inez, who is this man? You were speaking to him awhile ago, and you seem to know something. Who is he?"

"He told me that he had once been a captive to these pirates, and knew certain secrets of theirs, but how he has driven away yonder ves-sel, I know not. Ask him, for he comes."

And, indeed, at the same moment, the dark,

saturnine face of the mysterious Morganos appeared over the top of the waist ladder, and Don Enrique entered the aftercastle as quietly

Don Enrique, we owe you our lives," said the Governor, warmly. "But, tell me, senor, what words of yours were powerful enough to turn away the assaults of these sea demons?

Morganos looked astern, where the buccaneer periagua was fast vanishing from view. Then he looked ahead to the towering rocks of the Grand Piton, not now a quarter of a mile off,

The pirates belonged to the squadron of the Admiral Mansvelt. I was once a prisoner to him and learned certain things. What they him, and learned certain things. What they are, I may not tell; but you may thank the Holy Virgin I was on board to-day, to make use of those secrets to save you. Enough, senor. Are you going to tack, or will you run ashore

here?"
"We will enter the harbor, if it please you,"
said Espinosa. "I promised you a passage

He forbore to question a guest further, with the high-bred courtesy of the Spanish gentle-

man, though burning with curiosity.
"Put me ashore on yonder rock," said Morganos, pointing to a spit of low rocks that proected from the Grand Piton on the side away rom the bay. "There is water enough for a fleet, and you need not even turn from your

The old Governor looked surprised at the singular whim of his passenger, for the island of St. Lucia was almost uninhabited at the time, and the further side of the mountain inwho desired to make his way overland to the

city. Are you really in earnest, senor?" he asked,

doubtingly.
"Fully," said Morganos, coolly. "I am a man of strange tastes and I love solitude. The old soldier made no answer, and signed to the helmsman to luff closer to the wind, as

the stately galleon moved steadily on over deep blue water, which was rapidly growing calmer, under the shadow of a nearly perpendicular precipice, two thousand feet in hight. wash of the waves against this precipice echoed dismally in the ears of the mariners, and the wind, cast back and reflected by the rock, became fitful and baffling as the galleon

coasted along its base. Presently the mountain gave a turn, and disclosed the point of rocks before them, the water still continuing as deep as ever, to all seeming. Morganos stood with folded arms, apparentburied in a gloomy reverie, as the Asuncion slowly forged nearer the point. Don Alonzo looked at him with ill-disguised surprise and some suspicion, for since the mysterious visit of pirates, strange thoughts had risen in his

The other hardly seemed to hear him, though e bowed slightly, and Espinosa descended the ladder, muttering:
"I like not this stranger. He knows too

much of the pirates to be an honest Spaniard. am right glad to be rid of him."

Morganos waited till he was alone with Inex. when he abruptly asked:

fine feminine tact had suspected something of the kind, but the plain avowal frightened her.
"Oh, senor, can you not repent?" she said,
faintly. "You can not be all bad, or you

would not have spared us."
"Hush!" he said, somewhat contemptuously. "I do not believe in your saints and idols, and your Spanish robbers deserve all they get from us. But you, Inez, are an angel, and, right or wrong, I can not harm you. Hereafter, when you hear Spaniards cursing the pirate, remember that he spared you, because he loved you."
Inez blushed crimson at the speech, and

looked over the stern of the galleon to hide her confusion. Though loth to confess it to herself, the bold Biscayan had won upon her, during the voyage in the Asuncion, more than she thought possible. The very contrast of their characters had tended to deepen the impression made on the timid convent-bred girl,

She hung her head over the stern, looking into the clear sea, and painfully conscious of the

spared one of your nation; and who has sworn vengeance on them for the injuries they have done me and my countrymen. Till I knew you, I believed them all alike, cowards and ty with your angel face and ways. Here before God I swear, if you will be mine, I will leave the see, and become, what I have hated, a Spaniard in truth. You love me already. Say you will wed me, and all the riches of the Indies shall be poured at your feet forever. Inez, speak. I will not force you; but if you refuse to save your countrymen, on your head be the evils that follow; for I swear that I will never more show mercy to a Spaniard."

The girl made no answer; indeed, she was hardly conscious of his words in the tumult of her emotions. But as she sat there, gazing down into the clear, dark waters, unusually transparent as they were, a strange sight slowly galleon was cast loose, and one of the Spaniarus found no difficulty in throwing it overboard, when the two vessels parted company as suddenly and causelessly as they had met, and the periagua, spreading her huge lateen sails wing and wing, went dashing away with the speed of a racer.

The Spaniarus time, company the other's words. Deep down in those transparent waters she became conscious of the baleful light of a pair of eyes, green and glaring like those of a cat, but of enormous size: eyes as large as a common plate or dish, and set about two feet apart. Nothing else was visible in the dark waters but those fearful eyes, and about two feet apart. Nothing else was a nameless but those fearful eyes, and yet there was a nameless hungry horror in their aspect, which froze the blood in spite of the vagueness of the peril. Involuntarily she oling to him:

"Oh, Morganos, Morganos, if you love me, save me from that fearful monster!"

save me from that fearful monster!"

"Don't be distressed, young lady: he was not killed. He is safe enough, I'll warrant you. Nobody wanted to hurt him; it was you I wanted."

Where an I tell? He is the words of same for relief in wounds of same for relief in

they belonged was plainly visible.

And what a form ! Fancy a rounded, shapeless body, like that of toad, but twice as large as a common hogshead, with long, snaky arms twining and "Oh, my father, my father!" the frightened writhing about under the water, as long as the

sheaf of weapons hung, and seized a ponderous boarding-ax, shouting, in stentorian tones "CUIDADO EL GATO DEL MAR!" ('Ware the

That name produced a fearful commotion in the vessel. Shouts of warning and yells of ter-ror arose on all sides, while the crew rushed to the masts for axes.

It needed no explanation to tell them of the fearful enemy that was about to assail them. They had heard of it before, in the superstitious yarns of brother-sailors, and one or two of the crew had seen the monster before. Many, paralyzed with fear, sunk on their knees and prayed to the Madonna to save them, too cow-

ardly to make an effort to save themselves And Dona Inez, half dead with terror herself. when she saw the effect produced even on the daring Morganos, stood in the midst of the aftercastle, close to the taffrail, gazing down, as if fascinated, on the horrible nightmare called

Except for the green, fiery eyes, there was no likeness to a cat. A spider, as large as an ele-phant, with exaggerated snaky limbs, was more like the monster; but the green, hungry eyes were still fixed on the girl's, their object since first she leaned over the side and attracted its loathsome terror plainly, and yet was unable to move back. The shouts of sailors and soldiers sounded in her ears like a noise in a dream, and

she slowly moved toward the taffrail, like a bird charmed by the serpent.

Then, all of a sudden, the lately-quiescent nightmare woke to life. One of the long snaky arms writhed up from the sea, as thic as a ship's cable, darted over the bulwarks, and entwined the hapless girl in its fearful coils. Seven more of the loathsome, writhing weapons came streaming up at various places in the galleon, and the confusion became fearful, while the sea-cat raised its body half out of water by the force of those arms, revealing a broad mouth in its belly, garnished with tusks, the incarnation of devilish, though blind, vo-

As Dona Inez uttered a faint shriek in those horrible coils, the Biscayan heaved up the boarding-ax, and fiercely attacked the terrible monster.

### (To be continued.)

A SHARP soldier, being on picket reserve went to a house, as he said, to borrow a fryingpan, but for what none could imagine, as there was nothing to fry. However, he went to the house, and knocked at the door, which was was nothing to fry. However, he went to the house, and knocked at the door, which was opened by a lady, who asked what he wished. The young man drew his revolver quickly, but had no time to use it before the Mexican had clutched his arm to wrest it from him. "Madam, could you lend me a frying-pan? I belong to the picket down here." "Yes, sir," and forthwith came the pan. He took it, looked in it, turned it over, and looked at the bottom, and then turned it over again, and looked mind concerning the other. Presently he said:

"I will go down into the waist, Don Enrique, and order out the boat for yourself and your belongings. We dare not go any closer with the ship."

"Well, sir," said the lady, "can I do white face upturned in speechless prayer, her white face upturned in speechless prayer, her white face upturned in speechless prayer, her clean." "Well, sir," said the lady, "can I do white face upturned in speechless prayer, her white face upturned in speechless prayer, her clean." "Well, sir," said the lady, "can I do white face upturned in speechless prayer, her white face upturned in speechless prayer, her clean." "Well, sir," said the lady, "can I do white face upturned in speechless prayer, her clean." "Could—could

#### COULD YOU.

BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Could you lay your hand in mine, love,
As you laid it long ago,
When the air was frosted wine, love,
And the earth was sparkling snow;
Could you kiss me as you kissed me,
And our lips meet as they met,
An! there never was a joy, love,
But was answered with regret.

Is it ages that have passed love?

Is it centuries? is it days?
Has the winter and the blast, love,
Blotted out the olden ways?
Other arms have fondly pressed thee,
Other lips caressed than mine,
Other love perchance has blest thee
Since the days of "Auld Lang Syne,"

Could you meet me, could you greet me
As we met when life was sweet.
When the chiming bells beat music
To the rhyme of dancing feet;
When our hearts beat wild with pleasure,
Earth was joyous, life was new;
When our love was all our treasure,
I was happy, you were true!

I was happy, you were true! Could I clasp you, could I hold you,
Could my kisses rain in showers,
Could my arms once more enfold you—
Autumn leaves bring summer flowers?
Could the rhyming and the chiming
Of the bells, bring back once more
All the sweetness and completeness
Of the vanished days of yore—

Vainly would these arms surround thee,
Vainly would this heart enfold,
Woman's love—a sea to drown thee!
Woman's warmth—a winter's cold!
Yet the ringing and the singing
Of the beils, bring back to me
Other days when thou wert mine, love,
And thy heart was all to me.

## The Beautiful Forger:

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG GIRL. BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

AUTHOR OF "MADEREINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC. CHAPTER XVIII.

THE YOUNG KNIGHT. It seemed that two hours had passed, for the light had sensibly grown dimmer, when the door was unlocked. Some one came in, and closed and locked it behind him. Helen sprung

instantly to her feet.

She saw his face at last. It was the man who had accosted her upon the azotea, who had passed her with a bow on the road.

With white face, parted lips and wide-open eyes, she stood glaring at him. She could not articulate a word. He sat down on the table a tray he had brought, containing wine; food and fruits. He stood at a respectful distance, and looked at the

"Will you take some wine?" he asked, at

length, in a gentle voice.

"Who are you?" demanded the girl.

"My name is Queredos, and much at your service," was the reply, with a bow.

"I do not know you. Why have you brought me here?"

"No. I never harmed you. I never saw you till last evening." 'I had seen you before, but not to know you.

girl sobbed galleon herself, and inexpressibly loathsome in any appearance! "I don't want to deceive you in any thing. I am an outlaw, and you won't have Only one look did the Biscayan give, and the gentility of the country coming after you as then he sprung to the mizzen-mast, where a my wife. But I have plenty of money, and money coming in every day, with a prospect of a very large haul by and by. You may con-sider this house your own, and if you fancy a change, I may take you to a nice snug place in

the mountains, if you are very good."
"Oh, sir," cried Helen, sinking on her knees, "have you no mercy? no pity? Let me go to my father!" Stuff and nonsense! No: I have no pity

for blubberers, when there's nothing the matter you don't like marrying a brigand, why, Pll tell you for your comfort that I'm going to quit that sort of thing when a certain finished up. Then you can go to San Francisco. and queen it among the finest."

The poor girl continued her sobs and en-

treaties to be restored to her father. "Have done with all that," cried the outlaw, irritated beyond bearing. "Your father be hanged for a poor stick! It was I who carried

You?" exclaimed Helen. "Yes, while you were asleep; and he hadn't a chance to whimper! A fellow of any bone would have made fight. I shut him up; and, if he had stayed and made terms, it would have

been better for him." "Then you are a robber-a mean wretchwho breaks into houses for money, and makes war on old men and young girls!" cried the captive, surveying the man scornfully.

He laughed aloud. "All right, my beauty your rage is mighty becoming.' You are a villain, sir!" "A villain you'll have to own for your lord

"Never!" shricked Helen. "You have me in your power; you may murder me, as you have done others; but you can not make me marry you—nor live with you."
"We will see about that," growled the outlaw, again laughing, as if the indignation of the

At that instant the door was tried and shaken violently. Queredos called out to know who

Some one leaped on the stone balcony on which the windows opened; and a heavy crash burst in the glass, frame and all, of one of them. A man leaped into the room.

Helen rushed toward him with a cry of joy.

"Oh, Walter! Walter!" she exclaimed, clinging to his arm. "You are come to save

'Helen, darling Helen!" and he clasped her closely for a second; but in another instant the outlaw was upon him.

A terrible scuffle ensued. Walter was the

more lithe and active; but the other the more robust and massive: it was hard to tell who would be the victor. Helen retreated to the other side of the room, her hands clasped, her white face upturned in speechless prayer, her

hand, and each of the struggling adversaries

At the same moment there was an uproar

outside, and several persons were trying to burst open the door. The outlaw's attendants had heard the noise of the scuffle and come to see what was the matter.

"This way Helen, quick!" cried Walter, and, seizing the girl's arm, he drew her to the window as the only means of escape.

But their enemies were there already. The young man found himself a prisoner the instant he had set his foot on the balcony.

Both he and the girl were forced back into the room. One of the robbers leaped in after them, and unfastened the door, which he flung wide open. Then the others rushed in.
Their chief lay on the couch, weltering in the blood that flowed from his wound, and uttering groans, mingled with curses. Some of his men rushed to tear off his dress and examine the

The room was filled with loud cries, vehement execrations and shouts that the young man who had assaulted their chief should be instantly

wound; others pinioned Walter's arms and

Helen flew to his side and threw her arms round him.
"They shall not touch him" she cried, passionately, "unless they kill me first."

The youth could not enfold her in his arms. but he whispered, in a voice that showed his

deep emotion:

"Oh, Helen, my own love! 1 would die willingly, knowing that you care for me like

The knives of the furious men, drawn for the purpose, would have been buried in his breast before he could speak again, but the voice of

their leader stopped them.
"Let him alone, will you? The killing of him is a luxury I reserve for myself! I will shoot the man who draws a drop of blood from him."

The subordinates fell back, obedient. "Take him to the lower room over the lake; the strong lock-up, and see that the windows are fast," commanded the chief. "Keep him are fast." commanded the chief. "Keep him there till I get over this scratch, and I will settle with him! He will never cross the path of Queredos again. Away with him, and give him plenty to eat and drink. I can afford to wait to get my pay out of him!"

They dragged the bound prisoner out of the They dragged the bound prisoner out of the water might be heard in the silence.

They dragged the bound prisoner out of the room. His looks were bent on Helen to the last. She heard them opening the doors as they led him down the stone staircase.

led him down the stone staircase.

"And, two of you, take this fair lady to the alcove room above. That looks on the lake too, and she can hear her lover sing her serenades by starlight. She will not get out of that cage very easily. Farewell for the present, my charmer; as soon as I am better, I will pay you a visit. Now, attend to me."

The last words were addressed to one of his men, who had bared his shoulder to look at the wound, and prepare bandages for the dressings.

It was a gloomy room, much smaller than the one she had quitted, with a single large window. It had a sash with small panes, framed in wood as tough as fron, but no bars. It opened upon the layer and the wave deched excited the layer and the layer and the wave deched excited the layer and the the lake, and the waves dashed against the walls I far below with a sullen plash. No need of bars; no captive could escape, except to a death something white, just within his reach.

It was the paper tied to the twine.

CHAPTER XIX THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

This prospect was grim enough. Imprison ment for both the youth and the girl, with no essibility of communication. Helen shuddered as she thought of their situation. As soon as the ruffian should recover from his wound he had said he would murder Walter with his own hands. And for herself, what fate was des Thoughts like these pressed on the poor girl

reason itself would desert her. She had thrown herself on the bed in utter despair, for even prayer seemed denied to her. She suffered agony a thousand times worse than death, till the very weight of her misery dulled the sense of feeling, and she sunk into a stu-

ill her head throbbed and burned; till she fear-

How long she lay in this stupor she had no means of knowing. Night room was in total darkness. Night had come, and the

The first thing she noticed, on recovering her consciousness, was the monotonous plashing of the water far below. It seemed to soothe her now. By an effort she kept her thoughts from dwelling on the maddening fears that held pos-session of her, and the continued sound of the water lulled her senses, while the pain in nead grew light. In a short time she had sunk This continued some hours, and might have

lasted till daylight, but the girl was suddenly awakened by the flashing of a light before her eyes. She started up suddenly, fully in possesion of her senses, and gave a faint cry, which was instantly checked.

A woman, dressed in long white garments, stood by her bed, holding a wax taper in her hand. The other hand was raised with a gesture of caution.

With wide-open eyes and parted lips the startled girl gazed at this strange apparition. It was a tall, thin woman, pale and emaciated; her drawn features, her sickly pallor, the faded lack-luster appearance of her eyes, looked like premature old age or confirmed ill-health. was difficult to read any expression in that cadaverous countenance

The sight of one of her own sex gave the captive a gleam of hope. She sprung from the bed, and caught the hand of her visitor.

"Oh, madam," she cried. "Save me! Take

me out of this place."
"Hush-hush!" answered the woman. you make a noise, you will ruin yourself—and

The girl suppressed her very breathing, but her appealing look was a prayer for aid.
"Listen," whispered the pale woman. "I know for what you were brought here; to marry Queredos. You can not marry him; he has a wife already

would rather fling myself into the lake!' said Helen, in a low tone of intense resolve.
"Look at me! I am the wife of the chief." The girl looked surprised, but made no an-

was trying to seize it. As soon as the girl saw this, she rushed forward, snatched up the weapon and gave it to Walter. Before he had time to draw back and prevent it, it went off, wounding Queredos in the shoulder.

His hold on his enemy relaxed, his arm fell to his side; he staggered back, and sunk upon the legislation of the leathern couch.

Was once, girl, as beautiful as you are. Queredos loved me then. He took me to his lodge in the mountains; and I rode out with him when he went to hunt. Then he grew weary of me, and he brought me here, and said I was to stay. I have been ill—very ill; I dislike this place; I suffer here; I have suffered more than I can tell the leathern couch.

Why not leave it, then?" whispered Helen. "Because I dare not. I am afraid of the chief. I do not fear that he would kill me; but he would be angry; and I fear his frown, for I love him! Yes, no one ever loved the chief as I love him. The dark woman he has served so well—she who has drawn him into a league about those Spanish papers—does not care for

These words were unintelligible to Helen. She went back to her first idea, and begged the

woman to take her away.
"I can not do that," she answered. "They all know I have keys to all these rooms, and that I can visit them when I please. If you es caped, they would know that I helped you, and the chief would never forgive me. Besides, there is one of his men in the next room but one; just opposite the stairway, and the door is open. You could not pass without his seeing ou, and he would rush out and drag you back."
Poor Helen! she could not suppress a moan

"But there is a way!" continued the woman.
The young man who tried to rescue you is shut up in the lower dungeon. He can escape, and bring people to demand your release."

The girl clasped the woman's hand in her

own cold and trembling ones, and looked up eagerly.
"You can send him a letter." She produced a sheet of paper and a pencil,

which she gave to Helen.
"Write at once. Tell the young man you will lower a knife to him presently. His room

is two stories below this," Helen took the pencil and wrote: "DEAR WALTER: I am a prisoner—but a friend has brought me writing materials. If you can escape, send me word what I can do to help you. I will send down a knife as soon as I know you have received this in safety.

received this in safety. She folded this with trembling fingers, and her companion quickly tied it to some twine, at the end of which she had fastened a piece of lead and a large cork. The note was tied three

feet above these, with a blank piece of paper and another pencil.

Another and another pebble followed it at in-The room in which Walter was confined was

more like a dungeon; small, with a single grated window, about two feet above the lake, which was several feet deep under it. The men who brought him into the place had no orders to be severe beyond securing him, and at his request left the lamp burning upon the table. The walls were of stone, and he could not, they thought, set fire to his prison.

When they left him the first thing he did was to burn the rope that bound his hands till it snapped asunder. Then he freed his feet, and next carefully examined the window fastenings.

next carefully examined the window fastenings The bars of iron were set in wood, and he could easily have loosened them had he a weapon left; but his guards had taken his arms. He set himself then to work to devise means of es-

Unlike Helen, he had not slept. During the ong hours of the night he had sat by the window, which was not glazed, having only tight shutters, which he had thrown open. He watched for some passing boat, which he might hail and send out information of the lawless

He leaned far out and caught the gleam of Hope revived as he read the lines. He loosen-

ed the note, wrote another, fastened it to the string, and made a slight splashing in the wa ter as a signal for it to be drawn up. "Send down a knife and an iron rod." These words were read above, and the tall lady went to procure the iron rod. She had

Again the pebbles were dropped, and the line was lowered. Walter grasped the knife and rod, and immediately commenced his work. When a hole two inches deep had been dug in the wood, the rod was inserted to act as a lever and by using force well directed, after half an hour's work, the bar was wrenched out. The fastenings had been contrived more for protection from marauders without, and could not have been moved outside. There was now a space of twelve inches clear

The youth, before commencing his work had sent up a few lines hastily written to Helen, de-tailing his plan. He would swim to the near-est shore, and thence make his way to some house or settlement. Information being given, it would be the duty of any alcalde, magistrate zens enough to march to the house of their ene my, and compel him to give up his prisoner. He bade her to keep up her spirits, and have confidence that the coming day would not be

assed in captivity. Helen read this with a joyful heart, and again thanked her strange visitor for her assistance. She asked if she could do nothing for her to show her gratitude

"Nothing," was the sad reply. "I must stay here, and bear whatever burden the chief may see fit to lay upon me. My life is his; and, girl, you owe me nothing. I do not know that I would have taken the trouble and the risk of

and they saw him as he slid through the open ng in the window, and stood on the open ledge to look for the shore. They saw him lower himself into the water, and take to swimming, eeping in the shadow as much as possible

They traced his path as he swam, by the rip-ple left behind him. They saw him more distinctly as he emerged into the faint moonlight, making for the oppo-site side of the lake. Helen clasped her hands

trembling thankfulness. Suddenly a gun was fired. He had been seen by the sentinel or officer placed on watch. The pale dawn was now glimmering in the east, and the light increased every moment

Helen gave a shriek, and turned to her companion. She was gone. She had glided from the room, locking it behind her. The girl com-prehended that she was not to be known as an igent in the escape of the prisoner below. She leaned far out of the window. She saw

swer.
"I am faded and worn to a shadow, but I had not crossed more than half-way. Then she

heard voices below, and saw a boat with a man in it shoot out from one of the lower rooms.

The man was pulling lustily after the prisoner.

The boat visibly gained on him. Alas! what chance for the youth, spent with swimming, against his enemy armed with two oars, with which he could strike him as he came near!

It was no doubt the auguster's intention to at her mother's deathbod, and whose peans one in the Orphan landed, ne managed to place me in the Orphan clark.

Girls' Asylum, where—I remember he hissed it ness, in my ear—he hoped I would die. But, I estable the caped, when I was fourteen years old."

"This is very strange," thought Helene, catching a perplexing hint from the accidental revelation; "can it be that the man who stood cise.

The man had ceased rowing as he came near the swimmer, and lifted one oar with both hands to strike him. Quickly turning so as to be out of reach, Walter came behind the boat, plunged under it, and clutched the bottom with

both hands. The boatman struck at him as he passed, but the blow fell harmless on the water, and the man, stooping forward as he was, was thrown off his balance by the lurch given to the boat from underneath. He fell headlong into the

Walter, emerging close beside the craft, snatched the oar, and in an instant had grasped the boat, and was climbing into it, while his adversary was floundering in the water

Helen, from the high window, saw the strug-gle, and was almost in despair. But when she saw the figure standing up in the boat and wav-ing a white handkerchief on the end of the oar toward her, then she knew that her lover was saved, and burst into tears of joy.

She gave no heed to the man swimming back, but continued to watch the receding boat. Its course was changed; it was now pulled toward the more distant shore. The fugitive would surely gain it before there could be any further

The man who had lost the boat at length came ashore, dripping and exhausted, and ready to burst with mortification and fury. There was an uproar of voices when the escape was discov-

## Cat and Tiger:

### THE STAR OF DIAMONDS.

A ROMANCE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY,

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "RED SCORPION," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XX. CAN IT BE ?

IT will be seen that Cortez Mendoze had been threatened by the Green Shadow ever since the night of his arrest, in New Orleans, fifteen years prior to the date to which we now come—when he had received the letter in green ink, forewarning him of a ceaseless hauntment.

We have heard Helene Cercy tell her maid, Eloise, that she had been followed by this strange presence for a period of about fifteen

We see that the parties occupying the house next to that in which Helene lived, must have published a fictitious name in that of Caolo-which glared on the doorplate; for we recollect Gaeol, the muscular negro, and Zetta, the superstitious maid, called their young mistress "Zuelo Nanez." And whether Zuelo Nanez was the true name of the lovely young brunette, or whether it was assumed for cogent reasons and, if assumed or false, whether Zuelo Nanez knew of any such fact herself, is not apparent.

But, to resume the action of our drama. When Helene saw that the knife which she sent whizzing after the Spaniard, had missed its mark, she turned to Eloise, who lay at her feet, white and motionless in a swoon.

table, she dashed some cold water in the face of it of the maid. 'Rouse up!" she cried. "You have made

me nervous with your screaming--else, I would have been able to cast that dagger truer. Rouse

"Oh, madame!" exclaimed Eloise, tremulously, as she opened her eyes and stared about her in a frightened way.

"Come—you are silly!"

"Oh! it was horrible!"

"Did vou see it, madame?"

"What?-the shape of green, with eyes and Mendoze.

And is he gone?"

have seen him before now.'

So have I, madame.' You have seen him? Where?" "If not him, it was one enough like him to be his father. I am glad he is gone; I dread

"It was in London, madame."

"It was in London, madane.

"I London. Well?"

"I think it was when my mother died. She had been secretly married, madame; and when she was dying, a man came to the house, who brought a boy — a boy who must have been brought a boy — a boy who must have been ing as dawn approached. about nine years old. It seems all like a pic-

ture to me, it was so very, very long ago."
"Well, well, Eloise?—the man and the boy?

"My mother called this man Carlos."

heard voices below, and saw a boat with a man landed, he managed to place me in the Orphan his mind—sickening his spirits with restless- rumored that I was killed in this brawl, and, by in it shoot out from one of the lower rooms. Girls' Asylum, where—I remember he hissed it ness.

It was no doubt the pursuer's intention to disable his victim, and drown if he could not capture him. But Walter was too quick for of it? Could it have been Carlos Mendoze? And was the boy—whom he called Cortez—his son?—perhaps by a former wife? Was Carlos Mendoze married twice? And have I met, in Eloise, his child by his second wife, who is then the half-sister of this Cortez Mendoze, the man whom I despise and hate? It is strange. must find out more—some other time: I may be able to use my information to advantage. I know more of your past life already, Eloise Cylcyr, than you imagine, if it be true that you were brought over by the Quack, and placed in the Orphan Girls' Asylum. I will use that knowledge too, if it is necessary to retain you in my service." Then aloud:

Well, Eloise, we'll drop this for the present. I have some questions to ask you, at a future time. And let us think no more of this Green Shadow. But, the Spaniard!—" with a sudden recollection, "let us look through the house and see where he is. He is a thief and an

assassin !" Why, madame said he had gone !" "From this room, but not from the house Come, we must hunt him out, and drive him

away 'Ah, madame! I fear him."

"But, I do not fear him, as you shall see. I have seen too much in my life to be troubled ith fears. I will get rid of this rogue. That minds me: we were about to explore the hole the cellar wall when he came in.

"Won't madame leave it till daylight? I face, with its unkempt beard, was not a new have been so terrified to-night, that I am weak one. Yet he could not imagine where he had

row. But, I am determined to ascertain the not my fault that he did not swing high for his identity of this frightful being; and I believe crimes." we have discovered its mode of ingress and exit —after nearly fifteen years of torture to me. That is why I never had receptions at my house, Eloise: fear that this green, faceless thing will appear and startle my company, and make Madam Gossip rumor it that I have some dread ful life secret. That hole in the wall, Eloise, leads to the adjoining house!" the last thought-

fully. "Certainly, madame."

"I begin to see."

"And the house"—in the same reflective tone, "is occupied by those mysterious people, who, for nearly fifteen years, have been the wonder and talk of the neighborhood. Eloise!" suddenly.
"Yes, madame."

To see, madame?" "These people who are named 'Caolo,' are 'Haunting you!" repeated the maid, in sur-

"Yes, they are haunting me. Why, I can not imagine. I told you once to-night, and I tell you again, I have done nothing to deserve this—this curse, as it were. Never mind. When daylight comes, I shall make an effort to unravel

the mystery. I am resolved upon it. Where s your lamp?" "In the opposite parlor, madame; I—"

"Get it. We will hunt for Cortez Mendoze, the Spaniard, and drive him out of the house."

When the lamp was lighted, they went over the house, from cellar to attic. But Cortez Mendoze was not to be found.

Every room, every closet was searched with ut discovering him. He had disappeared.

"It is singular!" exclaimed Helene, when, at last they stood in the beauty's boudoir. "Where can he have hidden himself?"

"He is somewhere near, madame, be assured It is dangerous for us to lie down.

of it. It is dangerous for us to lie down."

"Pah! I am going to get some sleep. If you choose to be silly, you may remain awake. And here—take this dagger. If you see him, use it on him. And, Eloise, use it, also, if you get a chance, on that shape of green, with voice and eyes, and without a face. If you see the thing, strike at it; and strike deep—deep, Eloise; do you understand? For it is human enough be sure of that!" enough, be sure of that!"

She gave her maid the sharp dagger, which she had withdrawn from the jamb of the parlor door, when they began their search for Cortez

"Yes," shuddering.
"I saw it. It is gone now; get up."
Eloise slowly arose. She glanced timidly around, and asked, in a whisper:

"Hendelene Cercy partially disrobed, and threw herself on her soft couch, where she soon fell asleep. The same characteristic fearlessness lived in the beautiful woman, that had marked her earlier years with strangeness and "And it had it had

could not frighten me with his oaths and scowls. I to warn her; and slumbered, as she did then, as peacefully as one whose career had never contained a spot, a blemish, or a deed to rob her of

her mind's rest. Hers was a nature iron-like as it was terrible. Eloise did not close her eyes. She sat near to her slumbering mistress, half-trembling, half-"Tell me where you think you have seen this expecting to be confronted by the Green Shadow, which she feared, or by Cortez Mendoze, whom, to all appearances, she equally

CHAPTER XXI. THE SALOON APPARITION.

When Cortez Mendoze dashed out of the parlor, in pursuit of the green apparition, his full intention was to catch it, to unmask its identity—perhaps more than this, for there was a murderous fire gleaming in his dark eyes.

Before we follow him, however, in that head-

It was that, at regular intervals—no matter where he was-he received letters in a strange | North to-night." chirography, from an invisible source, always in green ink, and invariably containing the precise words which, not quite fifteen years before, in the office at the rear of his father's shop, had caused him amazement, consternation, fears for

On the third night after his bold entrance into a city where the emissaries of the law were ready to pounce upon him, he sat at a table in a low wine shop, in company with Farak, care-lessly watching through his disguise the loungers of the den-half-occupied with gloomy thoughts ly from his wine-glass.

her, or it—whichever it might be, if either, or if all—the moment he could gripe it.

"I am mad and sick!" he would grumble.
"I am nervous, I am losing flesh, I am tired through this devilish thing, whatever or whom the authorities had been long searching.

CHAPTER XXII. ever it is, if any thing or anybody—ghost or human. I am not a murderer. I never harmed Carline Mandoro; I did not kill Wart Gomez I have the paper here to prove that—the dying confession of Sanzo Romero, whom I met in Lynchburg. Yet this invisible Satan is haunting my life out!—for murder!—and—maledicion !- I am innocent !"

His unpleasant reveries were interrupted by a

an uproar of voices when the escape was discovered; and none of them dared keep the matter as a child. And were we to make trouble for ourselves, I am helpless, for nearly all my strength is gone."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 155.)

"Well then, we will postpone it until to-mor-a a rascal as ever a royal was ever a royal

"They tell me he has never been heard of since he escaped," spoke one of the shabby man's

"True, too. He was shrewd as a rat. I felt uneasy when I first heard he was loose—for he was vengeful and flerce as a lion! I have seen him fight, years ago, a snake and a tiger at the same time! But he is dead by this time, no

"Yes, no doubt!" exclaimed Cortez, under his breath, as he watched and listened. "You say you testified against him, Jacques?"
"Yes; Nio and I did our best to get him hung. We had enough knowledge of his ab-

duction and murder of Carline Mandoro to swing him easily."
"Malediction!" Cortez growled, to himself, "I know him now. He is one of the devils who would have knifed me in the tapestried

oom—the tool of Helene Cercy, the tigress! He swore to lies, in his evidence, nearly fifteen years ago. Ha! you dog; I have a score to set-'And you think he is dead, Jacques?" asked

one of the men.
"Dead?—yes. Scoundrels never live long."
"Caramba!" blurted the Spaniard, aloud, and half-starting up.
But Farak caught his master by the arm and

ield him still. The boatman had started and wheeled, as if at the report of a pistol.

Jacques turned pale.
"Who spoke?" inquired one, glancing over the assembled drinkers, who all seemed occupied with their own affairs.
"I see no one who looks as if he had said

thing," Jacques ventured, a little nervously. But I certainly heard a voice say 'caramba!'

I did not think Cortez Mendoze was "If I did not think Cortez Mendoze was the startled gasp. Perhaps a knife-thrust was dead, I should say he was in this room. That to follow, and he was at the mercy of this inviswas a favorite word of his—that same 'caram-ble foe who held him down, as his revolver had ba!—and he had a peculiar way of uttering it." slipped from his fingers at the moment of the

"I guess we were mistaken. And even if he onse was here—bah! we are three." We'd make short work with the villain-" "Pound him to death!"

"Yes, we would cut him to pieces, and get the reward offered for him, dead or alive!" laughed Jacques. "Come, let us drink to the dead body of Cortez Mendoze."

"And wish that he was here to feel our knives!" added a companion.
"Malediction!" roared a voice from the corner near them, and a hard fist struck the table

'Malediction! you dogs. I am Cortez Mendoze, the dead man !"

They wheeled again—this time to be confronted by the Spaniard's scowling visage. "He?"

Had she been alone, it is probable she would have done the same thing—gone to sleep, in the "Pah! he is not so much to be feared. He moment of imminent danger, without a watch versation of the boatmen, was spurred to reck
"And your incautiousness has led you into a trap."

"And your incautiousness has led you into a trap."

"A trap! Malediction! I have been tum-

him years before. "I am Cortez Mendoze!" he cried, with a crept over him, as the cold arl. "I am the dead man!—he with whom pressed against his temple. you would make short work!—whom you would pound to death! Caramba! At me, now!" As he bellowed the last, he hit one of those men we rarely meet with—brave as he the boatmen a terrible blow, that sent him

spinning round like a top.

The second boatman followed, with a sprawl, and Cortez, venting a yell, threw himself upon

The saloon was a bedlam of cries and com-

It is Cortez Mendoze!" howled a dozen. "Mendoze, the murderer!" echoed a number "If you are Cortez Mendoze, take that from

me!" hissed Jacques, as he blazed a pistol in

careful management, I may escape the curse of the Green Shadow. We will leave for the

"But this wound, master—you can not travel." "Malediction! I must travel. New Orleans

would be too hot to hold me, before sunrise; and if I am missing—so much the better for a plan of mine. If I stay I may be hanged yet! The Indian Wife of the White Hunter.

Charamba! We will go to night, wound or no (New and Old Friends, No. 3.) wound!" And this was the attempt made by Cortez to escape the Green Shadow which followed him,

an attempt that proved a failure, as will be seen by the familiar threatening letter of green, of the Green Shadow, which the periodical letters said was following him—and sipping slow-Girard House, in Philadelphia. And it was, also, this brawl of which Helene He was desperately eager to see this Green Cercy had heard, through the newspapers, Shadow, to catch the author of those letters in which contained accounts of the shooting in green ink; and he wowed instant death to him,

CORTEZ PUTS HIS NOSE IN A TRAP.

HENCE, when Cortez Mendoze, in the parlor of Helene Cercy, saw, unmistakably, the Green Shadow—the thing which had dogged, trailed, haunted him for fifteen years—there kindled within him all his early heat of desire to grasp it, to destroy it, and thus be rid forever of that which had made so much of his existence mis erable, by hovering, invisibly, continually near voice, rough and boisterous; and, looking toward the bar, he saw a shabbily-dressed boatman, engaged with two of his own ilk, drinking
and talking.

The voice seemed familiar to Cortez; the
face, with its unkempt beard, was not a new
face, with its unkempt beard, was not a new

Yet he could not imagine where he had

ing a revolver, he set his teeth in a flerce ex-

clamation.
"Caramba / you thing of green. I have you at last! Stop, there!"

At the head of the kitchen stairs, it halted

abruptly for a second, and—
"Ha-a-a! ha! ha! ha!" rung through the

The laugh penetrated his ears with disagreeable sharpness. He half paused—then dashed forward again, for the Shadow had vanished.

"Malediction!" he snorted, "it is some crazy fiend of a woman, after all! Why is it in the house of Helene Cercy? What has she to do with the Green Shadow? It is this thing that has been writing to me in green ink! I have it

now; I shall twist its faceless head off!" Bounding down the stairs, reckless of couse quences, in the darkness, he drew a match from his pocket as he went, and ignited it on the wall. "Ha! ha! ha! ha!" rung out again-now

directly in front of him.

By the light of the match he leaped across the gloomy kitchen into the cellar, for the door of the latter stood wide, and the laugh issued from beyond it.

"It is not here"—glancing around him, and raising the faint light aloft. "Now, where—ha! It has gone through there!"

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" came from the hole in the wall near the floor; and he beheld the glit-

tering eyes of the Shadow, in their faceless ground, peering at him.

With a cry, as the match flickered itself out, he made toward the hole. But almost before he fairly reached the opposite side of the opening, he vented a quick, sharp oath.

Something settled heavily on his prostrate form, a grip fastened at his throat, turning him face upward, and something like iron bands on each side pinioned his arms to the earth.

By that hold, which closed like a vice on By that hold, which closed like a vice on Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. him, Cortez knew that he was in the hands of a Particulars free. Address J. WORTH, St. Louis, Mo. 1594t.\*

powerful man. The suddenness of this attack, the disadvantage at which he was taken, had called forth the startled gasp. Perhaps a knife-thrust was

"Well, Cortez Mendoze?" spoke the unseen

captor. Caramba!"—blurted with a desperate strain. "I have you at my mercy, you see."
"Malediction! I know that voice!" exclaimed Cortez to himself, as he ceased his vain struggling.
"You deserve to die—scoundrel!" hissed the

"Scoundrel yourself! Who are you? I have heard your voice before somewhere. What do you want of me?"

"What brought you here?"
"I am after that Green Shadow of perdition I will kill it if I once catch it! Hands off, here!—let me up, you dog!"

"And your incautiousness has led you into a

lessness by an intense desire to wring the neck of the man who had given false evidence against him years before.

Lessness by an intense desire to wring the neck bling over traps all my life—"

"Do you feel this?"

Cortez could not prevent the shudder that Frank Starr & Co., 41 Platt St., New York. crept over him, as the cold muzzle of a pistol

Shoot!—assassin !" "You are an assassin, Cortez Mendoze, and You lie.' "Did you not waylay, and attempt to mur-

der Dwyr Allison?"

"Ha! I know you. You are Dwyr Allison!

—from the grave! It is your turn now! You have me! Strike, then! Do all you would while I am down! If I once get up I will have your life! I recognized you after stabbing you

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The SATURDAY JOURNAL does not profess to have any other "mission" than to delight and edify its readers; but, it is its proud privilege to say that no serial story gains admittance to its pages which has not, by reflection and inference, good, much good in it. And this fact, we are quite sure, is one secret of the paper's great success, as evidenced in the numerous press notices and in the multitude of letters which pronounce it the best of all the Weeklies.

### Our Arm-Chair.

The Common Sense of It.-If certain etiquette" are well established, certain other forms are so variable as to have no general application, and, as a recent magazine paper remarks:

"What would be regarded as distinguished etiquette in London or Paris would be viewed as entirely farcical in New York or Cincinnati, and rules that are thought essential to the happiness of a society man or woman in Philadelphia, would seem flat, stale and unprofitable to a denizen of New Orleans. The stilts of Boston etiquette become useless on the prairies of the West, and the lit tle politenesses of prairie life are classified as useless vanities among the sturdy miners of the Pacific slope."

By etiquette we do not, of course, mean politeness. Etiquette is form, ceremony, outward show; politeness is that nameless something which even though its expression be lacking in grace, or the prescribed forms of etiquette, yet is essentially decorous, and expressive of the feeling in the heart. Politeness really has no prescribed rules. Each individual is his own law. What is demanded is unaffected good manners and a natural self assertion; and thus the true gentleman is known

Etiquette sometimes is a substitute for polite ness in those circles where a rigid obedience to form is exacted; but this can only be said of for mal or public receptions, or of society ordered after set precedents. In this country such circles are confined almost wholly to the larger cities where dress and ceremonials are regarded as evidences of wealth. In the lesser cities, and in the country generally, such exhibitions would justly be regarded as snobbish and ridiculous.

But politeness is ubiquitous—is inseparable from association with others; indeed, a man can be said to be polite to himself. The very essence of politeness being kindness, it follows that the most untutored man or woman may be polite; and the most "polished" gentleman, lacking kindness may studiously preserve the forms of etiquette yet be very repellant and impolite.

One of the most "polished" men of society in New York is a gambler who robs his victim with all the grace of a Count D'Orsay, but he is a great scoundrel, nevertheless, and has not, in his heart, the first principle of true politeness. He is as heartless' as an anaconda, and-just as full of

One of the "most perfect gentlemen" who ever haunted Washington City, in the days when "chivalry" was a power, was a celebrated duelist, who could kill his man with as much nonchalan as if snuffing a candle. His gentility was, in fact, established by his pistol-balls; and yet he was a nuisance and a murderer. He was detested by every true gentleman, who received his "courtly advances," with studied civility, but with hearty aversion. That kind of civility was etiquettenot politeness.

An Invalid's Paradise,-We know nothing of Colorado or Minnesota, as resorts for invalids, from any personal experience, but think, from what we have learned, that Colorado is the more desirable. A letter before us says, of the conditions of climate which prevail there: "The purity of the atmosphere is unsurpassed, and it possesses a great deal of electricity, consequent upon alti-It is entirely free from humidity, and is wonderfully clear and exhilarating. Malarious or

poisonous exhalations never burden this air. Decomposition of animal matter takes place so composition of animal matter takes placed solutions as showly that the noxious gases engendered pass away imperceptibly. We have warm days and cool nights. There are not half a dozen nights in a season when a pair of blankets are in any degree uncomfortable. There is no such thing known gree uncomfortable. There is no such thing known green uncomfortable green unc dows wide open, summer or winter, without once taking cold. There are not a score of days in any year in which invalids may not sit out of doors. ride or walk, forenoon or afternoon, with comfort and pleasure.

When so many persons are asking themselves the question, "Where can I go to recruit my energies and health?" it is indeed comforting to learn that within our own domain is a region so admirable and congenial. It is further stated that fully one-half of the present population of Colorado is composed of reconstructed invalids, who, having beome attached to the country and climate, are unwilling to leave it.

As the region is so readily accessible, a trip to Denver is, in itself, a great invigorator, even or those not essentially diseased, and from what we hear we have no doubt but that the tide of travel thence, this summer, will be immense Two large excursion parties are already formed in this city for a six weeks' tarry there, and one other party, we learn, will trip it to the great Yellow "Park"-starting, of course, from Denver

Chat.-One of our correspondents is inclined to severe" with us for our supposed "opposition to Woman's Cause." Our friend is, as usual with agitators, more zealous for reform than clear as to the means necessary to effect the object. Our offending seems to be that we have not espoused the cause of Woman Suffrage. Well, we plead guilty. We are only three years old, you see, and it could ardly be expected that we should be "abreast of the host that champions the coming revolution -whatever that means. That it means something we are certain, for it sounds well, but, we are only three years old for all that, and can't take the position assigned. Besides, we don't see that it is any of our business whether woman votes or not. In England or America for the past Two Years! It is her business alone. We know the agitators talk grandiloquently about man's duty and woman's mission, but, really, we don't see that our duty lies in dragging women to the ballot-box, or even in coaxing her there, for it is our firm belief that, if to-day the question could be fairly submit ted to the women of America whether they should become voters or not, that five-sixths would say not a word, or nay! Then pray tell us why we should demand for women what she shows no inclination to accept. We don't say to our friend, Mrs. B. L. F., that we won't, under certain conditions, espouse her cause; for we really approve of espou sals, and wish each of our young unmarried lady constituency may, in due time, "go in" for a pouse and capture a prize; but we protest against her inference that her sex need the ballot to make hem equal with men, for that ballot once obtained the sex will be just as "unequal" with man socially, physically, morally, mentally and psyhologically as now. The ballot settles nothing n her case, and the sooner that illusion of a few irrationalists is dissipated the better. -An Illinois "constant reader," referring to

our recent reference to the destruction of bufalo and deer, on the western ranges of these animals, asks why they can not be "parked" on re serves. This is feasible, seeing that the General Government yet owns vast regions over which the game roams at will. Congress can, therefore impose penalties for any invasion of this region during the breeding and feeding season; and any dealer or hunter having skins or meat out of sea son can be called to an account. The buffalo now ranges over territory which will long remain un settled, owing to its want of water. While the river bottoms of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, etc., will soon be taken up, the high plains of those re gions will be utterly void, unless occupied by Na ture's tenants—the buffalo, prong-horn, elk, etc. Artesian wells for irrigating these tracts are still in the far future. preserved several species of animals from extinction in the imperial parks. The Czar of Russia has protected the European bison from destruc tion in the old forests of Lithuania. Our own Government preserves the beauties of the inanimate creation in the Yellowstone Park. How nuch more should it keep for the instruction of future generations a full representation of those higher works of creative mind-the living beings that characterize our continent.

### MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

THERE! That's blunt and plain enough, take it, to satisfy the most captious critic. Well, I am a blunt and plain body myself, and have a fashion of saying just exactly what I do mean There's no use running round the barn to look for a window to crawl into, when the door

stands wide open, is there?

Do not interest yourselves too much in your eighbors' affairs, or you'll find somebody would just like to twist that nose of yours for you. Hadn't you better see that your own house is clean before you talk of the dust behind you neighbor's door? What's the use of your prying and poking your nose into other folks' business, anyhow? Whom do you benefit? Whom do you make any better by your prying officious ness? If you get any satisfaction from it, you are welcome; you needn't fear any one will want to rob you of it. I won't.

It's pretty poor business endeavoring to find out what others have been doing, are doing, and are going to do, and, really, I don't see what it all amounts to in the end. A whole lot of people seem to have no better way of spending their time than by putting on their inquisitive pectacles and endeavoring to find out just what

hev hadn't ought to. There's a person not far from here, who could tell you how many pens, bottles of ink, reams of paper and sheets of postage-stamps I make away with in the course of the year—'tis more than I could do myself. I suppose I ought to retaliate, and tell how many pounds of butter and quarts of flour she uses. But I don't. I use that angelic patience for which I am noted. and remain silent.

It is right that we should keep our tongue between our teeth, but isn't it a hard thing to do? I know that by experience. Well, I guess you'd feel rather ill to have people talk against you and call you "an arrant scold," just be-cause Mr. JOURNAL is willing to let me have my say, and then have those very same identical people come and stay hour after hour, hindering you from your writing and household

And people give me their advice as to what I ought to write and what I hadn't ought to, and I don't like their officiousness, and I tell them You think the words are all meant in kindness. Then I beg you in the future, not to be kind in that kind of a way. If you'll let me alone, I won't tell you how much salt to put in your butter, or how much brine you must use

mundane sphere of ours were we less prone to man was very much flattered; petted my pretty neglect our own business to attend to that of pet, for she was a very pretty girl, and on the

as "damp night-air;" although the air is cool, it in the way of true, genuine kindness, but it is is dry, and one may sleep with doors and win- too often left undone, because it is so much easier to do evil than good, and to say mischievous, spiteful things, than pleasant and charita-ble ones. Fault-finding comes handier than praise, but it isn't half so good, if you did but know it.

Come now, let's you and I see if we can't all join hands, and say we won't mind anybody's business except our own, but will work for others' good, and not evil.

But, if you want to meddle in my affairs, you mustn't be surprised if I am blunt and plain enough to tell you to "mind your own business." Eve LAWLESS.

### Foolscap Papers.

#### Agricultural Message.

The time rolls round again when farmers boys—those models of all that is industrious begin to wish they had never been born, and when all good honest old farmers begin to look eagerly for my annual agricultural message. Itake up the task cheerfully as a labor of love to nelp the cause along, and do what vast amount of good I can, for we do not know how much we are indebted to the farmers. I owe one farmer a good deal more than I will ever be

I will open this valuable essay by saying that the fashions for farming for 1873 will be entirely different from last year; agriculture will be pursued in another way altogether.

The fashion this year for making the ground rich will be to scatter silver half-dollars all over your fields and harrow them well in.

You must sow your wheat with needles, and to cut it after the new style it must be cut bias. Early fruit trees must be trimmed forthwith with lace or flounces; burst the buds with nitro-

glycerine. Turnips, to make them grow vigorously, should be fed every night and morning with chopped feed, or some kind of light diet, and then curried down every morning to prevent an accumulation of dandruff. They should be well bedded with sawdust and exercised say two or three times a day. See that they are well shod and take well to double harness.

When your grape-sprouts begin to shoot, you had better keep at a reasonable distance or you might get shot, as they are very dangerous when they shoot at random, and are bound to hit the wrong man every time. Old brooms must be planted early, and in

case the handles shoot up too fast they should

be driven deeper into the ground.

Plant your fir trees in fir-rows not fir apart if you pre-fir to have firs to fir-nish fir the fir-reign

Potatoes this year must be provided with spectacles, unless they be blind, and they should be cut with a reaper and mower, and shelled with a corn-sheller. The Early Rose potatoes should be gathered from the rose-bushes about the middle of June, provided they are fully ripe and nice and soft.

Give your cattle good grazing. If you have be distinguis any wild ones, it would be well enough to graze four dollars. their heads with a club.

Impress it upon the minds of your little onions that early to bed and early to rise makes ittle onions strengthy and wise.

If your cucumber vines jump up too lively, knock them back again. I have seen them ump twenty feet at a jump. If they are in-clined to run too fast, cut their legs off. Plant your barley in bar'ls this year.

Making hay while the sun shines is about the worst work a man can do. The mellowing melliflousness of that diurnal luminary pouring upon the head of the weary hayist makes him despise hey-days. No honest farmer will be without honey.

hold that each should keep seven or eight swarms of wasps in hives well ventilated, and furnished with wax for them to chew, and all

the sugar they want to eat.

Poultry this year will grow on poles; when they are fully ripe they must be picked off

Weeds in your gardens will grow as deep this year as usual—that is, go clear through the earth, and the Chinese will tie the ends together on the other side for pure spite, so that it may be consistent to swear a little when you go to pull them up.

You must be very careful when you put oats in the ground to set each grain right-side up, or they will be apt to grow downward and make t necessary for you to dig for your crop. Keep plenty of stock, for no farm can be good without it—I allude now more particular-

outtermilk out of it. Don't yolk your eggs to log-wagons unless they are well broken, and never beat them unnercifully. This year you will find sweet potatoes so pro

lific that you will have to quarry them, and it will be necessary for you to do a good deal of blasting; but don't "blast" your luck. Eggs this year must be shelled with a corn-

Pumpkins this year will probably only turn out about nine to the dozen, and rye only three pecks to the bushel. You will not forget this when you go to sell. I like farmers' work so well that if I had a

farm of my own, with no mortgage on it, I would drop my other work, pull off my coat, and-rent that farm out for ninety-nine years, with the privilege of the other year, or a renewal of the lease.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN, Commissioner of Agriculture.

### Woman's World.

ALL ABOUT HAIR.

A young lady writes me from Texas, requesting an answer in the Woman's World to her question: "How shall I wear my long blonde hair? I am sixteen years old, and tall

for my age."

I felt for Maud B., my youthful correspondent and interlocutor. I shall never forget how my own luxuriant yellow, brown tresses troubled me during that transition stage of my life, when I was neither a woman nor a little In truth, it is more difficult to dress the hair becomingly, at that age, than any other. The whole toilet, indeed, requires careful study. It looks as awkward to see a great girl with her hair hanging braided on her shoulders as to see it in a Josephine coiffure with a high tortoise shell comb. Not long since one of my young city friends, attending a fashionable up-town school, applied to me for the same advice Maud for your pickling.

I wish you could take a peep into my room and see what a set of little non-inquisitive friends I have. My books, plants and birds never annoy me with meddlesome proclivities.

They don't have to be told to mind their own business.

I could not trust entirely to my of New York, as brought under my observation. I thought I might "point a moral" while solving the mystery of how some women can make dressed the heads of leading actresses, and belies, and beauties in our metropolitan society.

EMILY VERDERY.

How much better we'd get along in this for the last four generations! The old gentle fastening it with hair-pins toward the forehead The rest of the hair he plaited and wound in a coronet around the large puff. Then, tying a velvet ribbon around the whole, like a Greek fillet, he stepped aside, and with a smile, said: "Madame, voici la coiffure a la Seminaire pour votre eleve!" It was very pretty, simple and be-coming. The front hair was slightly tressed or waved on the forehead, the temple locks drawn up, but the whole looked easy and free from that air of stiffness which is too apt to accompany the present fashionable management of the hair. Perhaps Maud B. may take a suggestive hint from what I have related of this pretty invention of the great coiffeur.

There is no choice between a fashionable and an unfashionable arrangement of the hair at present. Whoever chooses to be brave enough to set Fashion at defiance, may wear the hair a la Grecque; or on the back of the head in a chignon; or chatelaine braids; or curls; but it is an established fashionable dogma, now, that the hair must be worn on the top of the head.

There are scarcely two ladies who arrange it precisely alike, but they all wear it high, and with the nape of the neck bare. But high ruffles or fraises hide this bareness.

There is one good thing connected with the present style. It does not take much false hair, and if the natural locks are long and abundant no false hair is necessary. In all cases the hair is dressed close to the head, showing the natural contour as much as possible and adding but little to the size of the head. The back and front hair are not separate institutions, as they for merly were. The whole is combed up to the top of the head together, and arranged, either in loose coils, or torrades, or plaits, or finger-

puffs, or loops and bows. These last, as a general thing, are used for evening wear, and require the aid of a hairdresser in their arrangement.

Frizettes, and little short curls, are still worn to a limited extent on the forehead; but, as a general thing, the front hair is parted very much on one side, and brought in one broad tress down on the forehead. Above this tress is the plait, coronet, puffs, or bows of hair, whichever is preferred.

Great latitude is allowed in the arrangement. Sometimes two or three long and thick curls are permitted to fall from the coronet, either directly in the back, or to one side behind the left

Large old-fashioned high tortoise-shell or imitation shell combs, carved or plain, are worn to a great extent. These combs are not so wide as they were worn thirty years ago, but quite as high.

The new hats and bonnets this spring are large enough to accommodate these combs in the crown. Pretty bows and other ornaments, and velvet bands, tied either in the back or front, or at the side of the head, are also worn. The real tortoise-shell combs are very expensive, costing from ten to thirty dollars, according to the amount of carving. Some of the plainer ones can be bought for seven dollars. The imitation, almost as pretty, and scarcely to be distinguished from the real, costs from two to

Some pretty little coiffures or coppees of lace, flowers and ribbon, are seen among the late importations from Paris, to be worn with the present style of hair-dressing. They are cir-cular in form, two or three inches in circumference, and have a knot of narrow ribbon behind, ending in two long streamers, which fall over the back of the head. These little coiffures are worn either on the very top of the hair, or tilted a little to one side, according to the wearer's fancy. Those for evening wear are of flowers or feathers, mingled with black or white lace, and ribbons of various colors. Those for morning or breakfast toilettes are composed of a circlet of muslin plaits, surrounded by a twist of ribbon and bows and streamers in the

For little girls and misses just entering their eens, there is a fancy at present for wearing the hair short, curled in crisp curls close to the head like a boy, and parted at the side in the boy style. It looks rather saucy and masculine; but there is a great advantage to the health of the hair to keep it short until a girl is almost

I can not close this chat about hair, which I hope will meet Maud's eye and be sufficiently suggestive for her purposes, without relating a curious newspaper story connected with Ever-ard Deblai's establishment.

It seems that, during the great Civil War, or Rebellion, whichever you may choose to call it, a sister of Beauregard, who was in New York as a Southern spy, made Deblai's house er rendezvous for the reception of information In churning your apple butter don't put in derived mostly from the actresses who had their too much salt, and be sure you work all the hair dressed at his establishment. This, of course, was unknown to Deblai at the time. At the close of the war a Southern woman, who became connected with the New York press. and who was stopping at the same hotel I put up at, came to my room with a beautiful lot of false hair—curls, switches, braids and frizettes—every thing, in fact, necessary for a complete coiffure in the then prevailing style.

"Look here," said she, "don't you wish you were a Bohemian of the press? I bought this hair this morning at Deblai's, and though I gave one hundred dollars for it, I made fifty by he operation, and I could not have accomplish d it unless I had been one of the Press Gang. "You purchased the hair and paid cash for it?" I exclaimed, "and yet made fifty dollars? Please read me your riddle, for I would like to

go and do likewise, if it is an honorable trans-"Wait six months," said the lady, " and I will tell you all about it—perhaps."

Before the expiration of the six months she divulged her secret to me, in these words:

"I am, as you know, the fashion editress of the 'Weekly Bombshell.' The editor told me he would pay me one hundred and fifty dollars to get some information relating to the transactions between certain actresses and General Beaure gard's sister, and which he knew could be ob tained by careful management at Deblai's. took me a week to pump out of the old man what the editor wanted. To throw him off his guard and conceal my purpose while gaining the information, I purchased this hair, taking about a week, and visiting his house every day, appearing to be uncertain about the purchase, and pretending to be very hard to please on purpose to gain time and secure frequent conversations with the old coiffeur. At last I succeeded, gained my information, and made my hair and

I assure my readers that I have never made money in that or any similar manner. Nor do I particularly admire the finesse which enabled

## Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondence No. MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the incleane, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permeable in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or finese; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Nover write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compo sitor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use. - All experienced and popul in writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—
orrespondents must look to this column for all information in regard to
outributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

MSS, announcements deferred for this week. PERCY B. Pay your postage quarterly, in advance, therwise the postmaster will collect two cents per

Mrs. S. D. There is no "chance" in obtaining admission to our columns. We are over-supplied with MS, yet always welcome what is distinctively original

MARY H., Detroit. Amadeus, ex-king of Spain, is married. His wife is the Princess della Cisterna. Amadeus is a man of strong character and sterling qualities, and his wife is reputed to be a very admirable lady. His abdication was the act of a man determined neither to be a tyrant nor a tool.

tyrant nor a tool.

ARTIST. The late J. F. Kensett was one of our best andscape painters. He left, at his sudden death, over six hundred finished pictures in his studio and private cooms—an amazing number considering how salable all its work was. There is no explanation of this fact, which has excited quite a sensation in art circles.

which has excited quite a sensation in art circles.

HOWARD M. General Fremont is now in New York. His residence is "up the Hudson." He is reputed to be very wealthy. The late charges by Frenchmen of his complicity in frand in putting worthless bouds of his Southern Pacific Railwayon the Paris Bourse is regarded here as "not proven." The "Young Pathfuder," as he once was named, is now well along toward fifty. His wife is Jesse Bentom—daughter of "Old Tom Benton" (deceased before the late War for the Union)—U. S. Senator from Missouri.

OLIVER PENN. Yes, a third Atlantic Cable is to be laid between England and this country—from the point of land known as "Land's End" to the shore of New Hampshire. This cable is in opposition to Cyrus W. Field's two lines across the ocean, and gives promise of great benefits to the two countries by greatly reducing the present fearfully high prices for message bearing. Without doubt, in ten years time we shall have several other lines laid—since now deep sea telegraphy is proven to be so feasible. A line from San Francisco to Honolulu (Sandwich Islands) and thence to Japan and China, is even now talked of. When that is accomplished the earth will be girdled.

will be girdled.

Ash B. G. There are no sleeping cars on any of the railways in Europe. It is regarded as too American for monarchical countries. Our Indian corn, tobacco and potatoes, all were too American, on their first discovery here, for monarchical Europe, but they soon became popular, nevertheless—and so will sleeping cars!

ZENAS W. W. The sewing-machine and the steam fire engine are both as purely American inventions as the cylinder printing press is; and both were introduced to England from this side of the water. We know of no "improvement." on sewing-machines which owes its origin to English mechanics. The leading American machines are sold largely in all foreign countries; our cooking-stoves and heaters go all over the world where such things are needed; so do our pianos, our gold pens, our whisky, our cotton, and our silver and gold. The export trade of this country is rapidly becoming truly gigantic.

gigantic.

Miss Pensee L. The library of Alice and Phebe Cary passed to their brothers. By them it was sold to Alice Cary Clymer, their niece. Mrs. Clymer's recent decease leaves it in the hands of her husband, Major Clymer, at Cincinnati. It is greatly to be hoped that it will become the properly of some Woman's College. We would much like to see it in Vassar. Can't something be done by the Young Ladies of Vassar to secure the collection, which is especially rich in presentation volumes of modern poets.

EXCURSIONIST. There are 146,243 miles of railway, Excursionist. There are 146,243 miles of railway, nearly enough to go round the earth at the equator six times. Of this 69,943 miles belong to Europe, 68,716 miles to America, 5,333 miles to Asia, 1,183 to Australia, and 1.083 to Africa. The European States have as follows: France, 11,041 miles, Russia, 8,719, Austria, 7,437, Italy, 3,986, Spain and Portugal, 3,818, Belginn, 1,901, Sweden and Norway, 1,411, Holland, 1,010, Switzerland, 920, Turkey and Greece, 664, and Denmark 548 miles. Great Britain possesses the greatest number of miles—15,427. Next comes the German Empire, with 13,113 miles.

Simeon. The mariner's compass was first known in England in the year 1269.

COLLEGIATE. Thebes, in Egypt, was called in the Bible, "No," or "No Ammon." In the time of Strabo, the Greeks changed its name into Diospolis—that is, the City of Jove. Thebes, in Beeotia, is one of the most ancient cities of Greece. In the time of Homer it was called "A city with seven gates."

EDITH. Queen Victoria is the daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent. Her mother's name was Victoria, Maria, Louisa, a daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. She was only eighth months old when her father died. J. T. M. The Bible was first translated by Wickliffe,

Linguist. Persons of good education and ordinary hency of speech, use only about three or four thousand lifterent words in their speech; close reasoners use a arrger number, and eloquent speakers frequently manage me ten thousand.

SCRIBBLER. Slates and pencils are very innocent musements for children, but Germany is making war gainst slates on the ground that they are noisy, hurtful the eyes, and assist in forming a handwriting which equires years of pen practice to overcome. Their place s to be filled by a light elastic paper slate which can be written on with ink, and the ink removed as often as necessary by a wet sponge.

P. H. "Printing was invented by Faust, a German, in the year 1441." This is the ordinary mode of stating the supposed fact, but, while Faust did then use wooden type and a rude screw press, he was but doing poorly what the Chinese had done well for ages before him.

HERMIT. The dish you refer to must be made after the following receipt: soak a quart of split peas for twelve hours; then throw them into your stew-pot with seven quarts of water, but, do not let them boil; then slice some carrots, onions, celery and turnips, and add thyme, mint or parsley to them; fry these vegetables for a quarter of an honr in two ounces of lard, and then add them to the pot of water and pens, and let the whole cook together until the peas are quite soft; then add pepper and salt, and you have a nourishing meal, made entirely from the products of an ordinary garden.

JACON L. P. Your date is very nearly correct. Nows-

JACOB L. P. Your date is very nearly correct. News-papers were first published in Europe in the year 1562, it Venice.

MINOLA LE F. The birth of Moses in Egypt was 1571

years B. C.

FAITHFUL READER. In 1798 Bonaparte made his celebrated expedition into Egypt. During the year 1799 he was installed First Consul; in 1800 he crossed the Alps; in 1804 he was crowned Emperor of France, and in 1810 he was divorced from Josephine and married Marie Louisa. In 1812 he entered Moscow; in 1815 he was defeated at Waterloo, and in the year 1821 died.

VANITY FREE. The Spanish wash used by the Spanish ladies for improving the complexion, is as follows: put some wheat bran, well sifted in some white wine vinegar; let this stand for four hours; then add five yolks of eggs and two grains of ambergris, and keep the bottle well corked for twelve days; then shaken well it is ready for use. is ready for use.

is ready for use.

A DRUG CLERK. The healing properties in the new oil extracted from hens' eggs is said to be very great, and it can be easily made. First, the eggs are boiled hard; the yolks are removed, crushed and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred, and when the substance is just on the eve of catching fire, the oil separates, and may be poured off. One yolk will yield nearly two teaspoonfuls full of oil! In the southern part of Russia it is much used for curing cuts and bruises. Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

### MR. AIKEN'S NEW ROMANCE

New York City Hearts and Haunts! We shall soon introduce the opening chapters of Albert W. Aiken's

#### GIRLS OF NEW YORK! -a romance of the great metropolis, of the most

singular attributes, and literally alive with plot and counterplot, introducing five types of the Young Women of New York Society, and delineating their lives in a love story of such felicitous and mysterious elements of interest as to challenge the intensest attention of male and female readers alike. All lovers of Society Revelations and Life History may expect in this last work of this favorite writer the most captivating and popular story of the year! and such as no other journal has offered or can offer.

#### "JACK TAR'S LAST VOYAGE."

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

Bronzed sons of Neptune stood in awe
Beside their messmate's dying bed,
Watching the freighted soul-barque steer
For the mist-enshrouded land ahead;
Together they'd weathered the stoutest gale,
And shared in the calm's smilighted sport;
But now, when Death's ferce Euroclydon blew,
Alone, he must gain the distant port.

He was leaving earth's shore with its docks of sin.
His life-boat launched for the "Unknown realm,"
But he clasped in his hand the compass of hope,
While white-robed faith stood firm at the heim.
With voice grief-shaken and brave eye dimmed,
A fellow-sailor asked: "What cheer?"
"Heaven heaves in sight; I see the headland,"
Came the answer, loud and clear.

When midnight, with her sable pall,
Wrapped earth and sea in solemn gloom,
They still their sleepless vigils kept
Around him in that shadowed room.
They wiped the gathering spray of death
Gently from pallid brow and chin,
And bending low, they asked, "What cheer?"
"Rounding the cape; almost in."

Morn dawned, and by its struggling light
They saw how waged the mortal strife;
His eye ne'er left the beacon-star;
Leagnes abaß, the care-wrecked craft of life.
Grasping his hand, they asked, "What cheer?"
The answer, angel-borne, came slow,
I see Heaven's bright, Elernal pier:
In port! Steady! Let the anchor go?"

## Their Wedding Trip.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"I suppose we ought to have a wedding sury said Laura Boyce, to her lover, as they sat together talking over the details of their marriage, which was to take place next week.

"Of course," answered Thrope. "Folks don't really consider themselves married, nowadays, unless they have a jaunt somewhere imme-

diately after the knot is tied." But don't you think it a nice plan?" asked

"Of course," answered Thrope, again.
"Where shall our wedding trip be?"
"Oh, I don't care," answered Laura. "I ain't in the least particular, only I don't want to go to Saratoga, nor Newport, nor Niagara,

nor the mountains. They're so common."

"For a person that doesn't care, and isn't particular, you have considerable dislike to those places which most young married people patronize," laughed Thrope.

"Oh, I meant that I didn't care where we

went, if we didn't go to any of those places,' explained Laura. 'I am sure I don't care where we go," said

Thrope. "Suit yourself, and you'll suit me."
"Suppose we go on a Western trip, then?"
suggested Laura. "Out to Nebraska, or Colosuggested Laura. "Out to Nebraska, or Colorado. People don't generally take such a journey as that would be for a wedding one, I know, but I am sure I should just enjoy it. It wouldn't cost so very much, would it?"

"No," answered Thrope. "But don't you think would it of it before it was done with?"

think you'd tire of it, before it was done with?"
"Oh, no! no!" cried Laura, enthusiastically "The scenery, and the novelty of the whole thing, would make it perfectly charming."

"Colorado and Nebraska it is, then," said

Thrope, who would have consented to a trip to Alaska, if Laura had proposed it. The next week they were married. Laura was charming in her bridal garments. Thrope was certain as any man could be that another bride as beautiful as his had never blushed un-

der the orange-blossoms. They were married in the morning, and directly after the wedding breakfast, they started on their wedding journey, amid a perfect shower of congratulations and good wishes.

So their married life began, At night they were at Niagara, which place they had decided to include in their line of travel. In the morning they made a hasty visit to the Falls, and then started on westward.

That night they were in Chicago, and the ext one found them in a far Western city. To-morrow night we shall be at the end of our journey," Thrope said, as they sat together in the dingy little parlor of the best hotel the

'Oh, I know I shall take all the pleasure in the world in climbing up the mountains and exploring the country, generally," said Laura,

confidently. "I hope so," answered Thrope, who was beginning to tire, just a little, of the monotony of the journey. Laura was the only thing which made it at all endurable.

The next morning saw them on their way The traces of civilization grew fewer and farther between, as they sped on. Now and then they came to little rude towns, made up of rough shanties and log-cabins. As they jour-

neyed on, these began to be rare. "I wish you'd get me a drink," said Laura, as the cars came to a halt at a small town. The water in the tank isn't fit to drink. Thrope sallied out, in search of the water

Laura stood in need of, and just as he stepped on the platform, two men came up to him and coolly informed him that he was their prisoner. 'Light trowsers; gray coat; blue eyes;

brown hair, slightly curly; brown mustache; wears ring on left hand," read one of the men from a paper which he held. "That's him, Bill. We're in luck this time, sure." "I'd like to know what you mean," said

Thrope.
"We mean that we've nabbed you," answered the man called Bill. "That's what's the matter. Oh! 'tain't no use for you to get into matter. On! tain the use for you to get mice tantrums," as Thrope began to show signs of rebellion. "You're our man, an' we've been after you so long, without catchin' you, that we ain't goin' to let you slip, now we've got you. Guess you won't break into anybody's

you. Guess you ...
house ag'in very soon."
"You're mistaken!" cried Thrope, as the bell
"You're mistaken!" cried Thrope, as the bell
"You're mistaken!" "I am not the began to ring for "all aboard." "I am not the man you take me for. I am Thrope Denvers. from Pennsylvania. My wife is on the train. Let me go.

"No you don't!" exclaimed Bill, making fast him. "We don't swallow your stories so to him. easy; do we, Mr. Jones?" Mr. Jones signified by a chuckle that they

didn't. The whistle blew. 'I must go!" cried Thrope, as a thought of what Laura would do without him flashed across his mind. "Let go of me, or I'll knock

"Laugh to see you do it!" exclaimed Bill.
"You there, Jones, fasten onto him."
Mr. Jones obeyed instructions, and proceeded
to "fasten onto" Thrope, rendering it impossi-

ble for him to get away. The cars began to move.

Thrope saw Laura thrusting her head out of the window, and shouted: "There's been a mistake made. Wait for

me at the next station," and by that time she of the remark. was out of hearing. "Now, gentlemen," he said, turning to his captors, "I want to know the meaning of this."
"That's a good 'un," laughed Mr. Jones.

"Cool," remarked Bill, sententiously. "I demand an explanation," said Thrope, beginning to get "riled," in expressive Western vernacular. "You have seen fit to detain me,

to know. If you can explain matters satisfactorily, all right. If not, I'll make you smart for this."

"You know why," answered Mr. Jones. "Here's our warrant for your arrest. Old Brag

knew what he was about when he telegraphed down for us to stop you. I s'pose you'd like to have us tell you what he wanted you arrested for, since you're so ignorant. It's fer breakin' into his store last week, an' stealin' sev'ril things that didn't b'long to you. That's what's the results Missing." the matter, Mister."

"You evidently take me for some thief," said Thrope. "If you have any one in town who can identify the person who committed the robbery you attribute to me, please bring them forward and see if they think I am the thief you take me for."

"I don't know anybody who knows any thing about you 'cept old Pulcifer, an' he ain't to home," said Bill. "We'll shut you up till we can hear from old Brag, an' if Pulcifer comes, he can see what he thinks about you."

And so Thrope was taken to a place for safe-keeping, and "old Brag" was telegraphed to that the "bird was caught."

Of course I can't describe Thrope's feelings, I sha'n't try to, If you can imagine them, please do so. They are more easily "imagined than described" please do so. T than described." Shortly after noon Pulcifer arrived in town.

and came to take a look at the prisoner.
"What blasted fools!" was the forcible expression of his opinion of Messrs. Bill and Jones.
"This here hain't yer man, nohow. That there fellow what robbed old Brag-why, he's thirty five, ef he's a day, an' this yere chap's 'bout twenty-two or three. 'Cute officers you be. Vallerble persons to hev 'round."

The result of Mr. Pulcifer's peroration was that Thrope was set at liberty. His first inquiry was to know the distance to

the next station.
"Bout ten miles," was the reply. "The alfiredest, gol-darnedest roads you ever see, too.

Wus'n ridin' over a mountain on a bob-sled."

Thrope determined to walk over. He could easily accomplish ten miles before night. route was pointed out for him, and he was assured that he could not lose his way.

He began to believe what they told him about the roads before he had been half an hour on

the way. Mud and logs was varied with logs and mud, and occasionally a stone cropped up, by way of relief to the monotony. He plodded on.

By and by a shower came up, and in ten

minutes he was wet to the skin.

"A beautiful wedding trip, I must say," he told himself, as he shivered along through the mud, which began to be as slippery as tallow. If I'd had time, I'd have given that Bill and Jones a thing or two to remember me by. Jones a thing or two to remember me by."
Thrope's face wore a very savage expression, and he shook his fist menacingly at an imaginary Bill. In doing so he lost his balance, and came down to a dignified sitting posture in the mud.
He got up and snapped off part of the clay which adhered to his garments, and started on, in no very enviable frame of mind.

Presently it stopped raining and the sun

Presently it stopped raining, and the sun came out. For an hour he scrambled along over the roughest road he had ever seen.

Suddenly a woman, or something which he took to be a woman, came around a turn, and picked her way toward him. She had on a bonnet of calico, with stiffened sides, which projected far beyond her face, and a great shawl, or blanket, of all the colors of the rainbow, which came almost to her feet. "One of the first settlers," thought Thrope.

Suddenly she looked up and saw him, and Thrope! oh, Thrope!' cried Laura, for she it was, and started for him.
"Laura! good gracious!" exclaimed Thrope

hardly believing his senses. "That creature my wife? I'd sooner take her for a female aborigine. Oh!" The exclamation was caused by seeing Laura's

feet slip out from under her; immediately after which performance she came down in a very great detriment of her plaid blanket.

Thrope hastened to assist her out, laughing in spite of himself. Oh, Thrope!" she cried, falling into his

arms, plaid blanket, sun-bonnet and all, hought I never should see you again. What did them awful men do to you?"

Thrope explained. "What a plight we are in," he laughed.
"Now, I've told you about my adventure, tell

Laura, frightened and uneasy, had hired a man to drive her back to the station where Thrope had been detained. A mile back his buggy had given out, and she had started on Overtaken by the shower, she stopped at a settler's cabin, where she had effected a trade of her hat and linen duster for the sun-bonnet

"I thought perhaps it might rain again," she said. "Isn't it comical? If you only knew how you looked! Muddy and draggled, and—

oh, dear! I can't help laughing?"
"I don't think you have much to brag of,"
said Thrope. "I shouldn't be surprised to hear
you use 'you bet,' or some other elegant western
phrase, in your conversation. You'd make a plendid settler's wife or a squaw. Whoop! feel like a noble red-man in his war-paint. wonder if this isn't like being on the war-path.

Thrope and Laura made their way to the station he had left behind him, and their entree was decidedly triumphant.

"I wish you'd take off that horrid bonnet," said Thrope. "I want to kiss you. It reminds me too forcibly of walking up to the cannon's mouth to attempt any thing while you have

"I shall always keep this bonnet and shawl,' said Laura. "I mean to wear them to-mor

The next day they went on to the end of their westward journey. The adventures which had befallen them were something decidedly "out of the common" in wedding journeys and, Laura declared, the richest part of it.

## Barbara's Fate:

### A BRIDE, BUT NOT A WIFE

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,

AUTHOR OF "LOVE BLIND," "OATH BOUND," ETC. CHAPTER VIII.

STEEL TO STEEL. IT was only for a second, then he laughed. "Not quite as bad as that. But, really, Miss

Lester is a splendid girl, and Mr. Davenal will ecure a prize—when he gets her."

Blanche did not detect the hidden meaning

Indeed he will. And she, as well, in him, for Roy is a noble fellow. Gervaise gently pressed the fingers that lay on his sleeve

Be careful, little girl, or I shall grow jeal-"You mustn't."

She looked into his face with a suddenlygrown serious expression of her own, where the

blushes fought for the mastery over the earnest

pallor of her cheeks.
"You never will have occasion to be jealous, Gervaise, for I shall be true. When you are false to me—and I know that never will be, even in thought—then you may accuse me of

He never winced as he met her womanly eyes as she spoke in such proud confidence; but there occurred to him the vivid contrast of her purity and truth, and his foulness and the living lie he knew he was personating. At the steps, in a patch of unbroken moon-

light, the party met.

"You have enjoyed this perfect evening,
Blanche?—Mr. De Laurian?"

"For myself I can say I have, very much,"
returned Blanche, half-timidly, as if ashamed to
confess she cared for the exclusive society of
Mr. De Laurian

Mr. De Laurian. "I can safely say I never enjoyed an evening more. As you remarked, Mr. Davenal, the night is perfect; then, with a most congenial companion, who could help having a delightful

It was Gervaise who spoke, and, as he did so, looked meaningly down at Blanche. Then he addressed Barbara, quite abruptly.
"I may presume to inquire of you, Miss Bar-

bara, if you feel repaid for your trouble in pre-paring for the walk?" His cool tone, so sarcastic and ironical, but

served to increase to further heat the flames of her jealous anger.
"You may presume to inquire, and, as my escort was a near and very dear personal friend you will not be surprised to know I greatly enjoyed the opportunity that gave me his exclusive society—which I prize above all privileges."

"Thank you, my darling."
Roy spoke impulsively, little dreaming the effect of his words.

With kindling eyes, yet in a voice in which only Barbara detected the smothered fury, he You are then in a very enviable frame of

mind, Miss Lester. Permit me to congratulate you and Mr. Davenal that such choice spirits have met.

Barbara bowed, frigidly.
Roy Davenal wondered if Mr. De Laurian
were always so crisp in his compliments. Just then Mrs. Chetwynd came in through the window. "Come, girls, it is time for your beauty-

Gervaise instantly extended his hand to "Good-night, then."

Then he reached it to Barbara.
Cool and haughty, with the air of an empress, she merely inclined her head, keeping her fingers clasped on Roy Davenal's shoulder. Laurian bit his tawny mustache in fierce

vexation as he went down the steps, and re-membered how another man had called his wife All that night, in the sleepless hours, he toss ed on his pillow; all the next morning the en-dearing epithet rung in his ears; then, when

the hour came for the usual afternoon ride, he had arranged his plans of action.

In his little pony-phaeton he drove from Paterson down to Chetwynd Chase, and found Roy Davenal on the veranda, and a low

basket-buggy drawn up by the carriage mount.
The two exchanged greetings, and Roy explained he was about to take Barbara for a ride.
"I beg pardon for interfering in the least,
Mr. Davenal, but I fear Miss Chetwynd will
think you a little unfriendly in depositing your think you a little unfriendly in devoting your-self so assiduously to Barbara. You are a guest of her father, you know, and permit me to suggest that you escort her to-day, and leave your petrothed to me."

De Laurian spoke in a half-earnest, half-confidential way that no one could have taken ofiense at, much less Roy, who instantly appreciated the delicate advice.

"You are right, De Laurian; I'll make amends. Barbara will excuse me if I desire it, won't you?"

He lifted his hat as she came down the steps with Blanche.
"Won't I what?" she returned, as she be-

stowed a careless nod on him. "Accept a seat in Mr. De Laurian's phaeton, while I improve the opportunity offered of paying my regards to Blanche."

Barbara looked at Gervaise. He telegraphed her a stern command. Then she smiled triumphantly.

"I prefer not, Roy. You know I have counted so on this ride. Blanche would rather entertain Mr. De Laurian, I'm sure."

Blanche blushed.
"I'm sure I'll ride wherever it is best. could like a nice little chat with you, Roy." Blanche had received an encouraging smile from De Laurian ere she replied.

Barbara grew frigid in a moment.
"Oh, if it's a conspiracy, I'm sure I wouldn't attempt to interfere. It must be a great pity to deprive you of your 'nice little chat.' Mr. De Laurian, I am at your disposal. Do you wish me to ride with you?"

Her coldness did not in the least affect his sunny courtesy. "I shall be too glad. Let me assist you to the phaeton.' He would have taken her hand, but she

sprung in herself; a hard glitter in her steelyblack eyes, a fever spot burning on either cheek.

Roy had lifted Blanche in and they drove on, De Laurian following, out of hearing distance

Not a word was spoken till they had cleared the grounds of Chetwynd Chase; then, with a horrible deliberateness, De Laurian turned toward Barbara. In that one word was concentrated all the

pent-up emotions he had nursed since the pre-What do you mean, Barbara De Laurian, by your conduct? What am I to understand you

Threatening authority was conveyed in every intonation of his voice as he glared at her. She lifted her magnificent eyes boldly to his

"What am I, your wife, to understand you If De Laurian was angry, Barbara was a

match for him. "Drop me out the question and answer me, I command. What does Roy Davenal mean by

calling you darling?" "What you mean when you call me that name, I presume. I did not ask him to ex-She was cool and calm, a sneering smile curl-

ing on her proud lips.
"But, woman, by what right does he say it?" "A prior right, man. He knew me and loved me long before you saw me."

"And coming from the presence of him, who, less than six weeks ago, pronounced you my wife, you promised me never to care for him again. Where has your honor gone?" "To the same place as yours, Gervaise De Laurian. What did you promise me concern-

ing Blanche Chetwynd?" She laughed as she spoke, a low, sneering laugh that made him turn fiercely on her, and snatch her hands as they lay idly, gracefully

over each other.
"See here, Barbara De Laurian! I have

heard him call you darling; I have seen him view you with eyes of love; I have learned you were betrothed to him. Barbara! Barbara! Barbara! do you know what you are doing?"

fortune-teller whose hut is somewhere among these mysterious shades? We can pay her a visit, and have the mysterious future unrolled to our eyes by her prophetic sayings."

His voice lost some of its harsh wrathfulness as he repeated her name; he had been seeing how gloriously beautiful she was in this new phase of character, and he feared, lest, through this Roy Davenal, he might lose her, after all.
"Barbara, I ask, what are you doing?"
"What are you doing?"
Their eyes met with the same inquiry in both

A silence followed; then, by a mighty effort, for she loved him so, and so longed for a loving word or glance, she spoke his name:
"Gervaise." Her voice was soft, and it needed but a kind

word or a tender look from him to sweep away all the ice barriers. "If we have acted wrong there is pardon and

Her siren tones, tones that he so loved, re-newed the jealousy-dimmed flame of love; he et fall her hands, and wound his arms around her waist.

"There is no use-I love you so, I love you so my wife!"
She leaned her head against his shoulder.

"And I, Gervaise, was vexed and jealous that you would not believe I loved no one but you. I do not care for Roy Davenal, but I fear ne loves me. You are my all, and in all, my "Then let us forget the past and begin anew. But, Barbara, I must have you all to myself. We have been married six weeks now, and made no tour yet, which, of course, seemed ad-

visible, considering the secrecy imposed upon us But, my dearest, although I must compel a continued privacy concerning our marriage, still can we not arrange a trip that will appear os-tensible to the Chetwynds?"

She shook her head negatively. "I fear not."

#### CHAPTER IX.

BEWARE! BEWARE! DE LAURIAN smiled at her decisive manner.

"You are hasty in your conclusion, my Bar-bara, are you not?" "I do not see how it can be done, Gervaise. I do so dislike these secret affairs. Do let us tell them and have done with it. I do not anticipate any trouble, and if there should arise any, we can go away—to England." She laid her hand on his sleeve while she

spoke.
"Barbara, my darling, let me tell you a little confidence. Between you and I there are many good reasons why we may not divulge this affair. First, what think you Roy Davenal will

He watched her narrowly, and a satisfied smile betokened the success his first appeal met "Then-remember this is sacredly confiden-

Then—remember this is sacredly connideratial—Mr. Chetwynd has spoken to me about Blanche. You have heard them mention the Curse of Chetwynd Chase, haven't you? That is to fall on Blanche's head—she being the youngest daughter—in the shape of desertion, dishonor and death. Mr. Chetwynd tells me Blanche loves me; he has asked me to marry her, as in case of a happy marriage dishonor could not ensue, desertion would not—as for death, that will come whether or not."

Barbara uttered a faint cry of pain.

"Wait, my darling. He wants me to marry Blanche, as I say, and, if you notice, both he and Mrs. Chetwynd are constantly giving me opportunities of cultivating her society."
With quivering mouth Barbara waited till he

"And you love-" "Only my glowing tropical bird, before whose brilliant beauty Blanche pales as the lily before

He kissed "the rose" passionately to prove his assertion. see my darling "he continued. " why desire to take you away. The Chetwynds will see me gradually cease my attentions to Blanche, which, for friendship's sake, I have paid, and their minds will be prepared for the

news I wish to give them, while you are away. I desire to bear the brunt of it myself.' She thanked him for his brave considerateness with her most bewitching smile, while a gleam lighted his eyes as he congratulated himself on the success of his plans.

"Then you'll come with me, my darling?" He whispered it softly. "Tell me your arrangements first, please!"

"Have you no friend in the West—no lady who would invite you for three months or She shook her head: he smiled at her obtuse

"Well, then, if you should receive a letter from a very old school-friend, whom you had forgotten, who begged for a visit, couldn't you go, think—even if I were the friend who wrote the letter?"

to her; she blushed, then laughed.

"Oh, Gervaise, you are an adept! But our combined absence? People will talk." "Let them. You will not be here to be annoyed, and the certificate can be displayed when we return to Chetwynd Chase."

His careless, hopeful enthusiasm inspired her; and she gave her word. "I will prepare for the journey immediately, laughable as it seems for the bride of Gervaise De Laurian to steal forth alone on her wedding

An amused smile accompanied her words Just then the other carriage halted, and they all alighted to rest for a few minutes." It was a charming place, where the fragrant

spiciness of the pine grove perfumed the air. "Do you know what this pine odor reminds me of? Or do none of you believe that scents will carry one irresistibly back to old-time memories? Roy Davenal looked meaningly at Barbara

as they walked over the leaf-strewn ground.
"I, for one, believe it," she returned. "I recollect how, one June night, when I was the merest child, they took me to see the corpse of a friend, the dearest playmate I had; she was covered, almost, with geraniums, and since then, their smell sickens and frightens me.

She shivered as she spoke. A little silence followed her words; then Roy gently spoke. "After unfortunately leading your thoughts in so grave a channel, I fear I should not mention what I was about to propos

Barbara laughed—a laugh that grated on Roy's ear. He was peculiarly sensitive, and, until now, Barbara's voice had never made but music for him. If her laugh annoyed him, the words that

followed caused strange, sad surprise.
"You needn't mind. She has been dead years and years, and, heart-broken though I was, I assure you I am perfectly resigned now.' That heartlessness was the first link of the broken chain; that hour the date Roy Davenal remembered in after days, when he had occa-sion to be thankful that ever the chain was

For a moment the silence was awkward; then De Laurian broke it. "Suppose we walk on until we meet the old reddish gold haze intervening between the sleet

sundered.

visit, and have the mysterious future unrolled

to our eyes by her prophetic sayings."
"I agree, Mr. De Laurian, only I do hope she'll not tell the truth." Barbara gave him a look he fully compre-

hended; then he addressed Blanche.
"You also wish she may not speak the She laughed, and shook her head gayly.
"As if I wanted all my bad qualities ex-

posed!"

"I differ from you, ladies," said Roy, much more gravely than the occasion called for.

"For myself, I prefer the entire truth—much has ability to speak it. You are not as I doubt her ability to speak it. You are not afraid of her witcheries, De Laurian?"

"I? I afraid of a fortune-teller? She might wear I were a pirate, denounce me as a gam-pler, a murderer; or call me a--a-" "Gay deceiver; that will finish the programme," Roy interpolated, merrily.
"Exactly. Nothing she will say can affect

He smiled half defiantly, and just then they came upon the low thatched hut, whose sole inhabitant was bending over the pile of light kindlings she had collected for her evening fire. She looked up as the party approached, and

reeted them by a slight nod.
She was an old woman, scantily dressed, whose face was withered and brown, yet of pleasant expression. Her keen, sunken black eyes were kindly in their scrutiny as they sur-

eyed the quartette before her. We have come to have you inquire of our uture, auntie." De Laurian bowed elaborately.
"I can do it. Come within, while I read you

the hidden secrets you desire." She pointed to the door, with the authority a duchess might have used, and as they crossed the threshold, Roy and Gervaise removed their hats to permit their ingress.

"Gentlemen always do me reverence. It is

right. Who can interpret the music of the waters, or demand of the planets their purposes, certainly is worthy the respect of both men and gods."

Her ready utterance, her deep-toned, drama-

tic language, were in her favor.

She produced a glass of clear water, and began peering eagerly into its transparent depths. Then, after a close survey, she shook her

"There are clouds, darkness, winds, storm, and a wrecked ship."

She looked suddenly up at Barbara, and eckoned her to draw nearer. "It is all there," and she touched the glass. 'I see it as plainly as you see the veins on that

dainty hand. There is a lover; there is a sweetheart; a wife and a husband. I see wrath and anger; I hear deceitful voices and a lying ongue. I see the deceiver betrayed, and the broud brought low. It is dreadful, dreadful! Oh, the anguish, the weeping, the dying! And it is of you, beautiful woman! you, whose love brings a blight, whose vows end in a curse!"

Barbara's eyes had a deadly glitter brightness, and as the woman's voice died away to a low, crooning murmur as she repeated over and over-"a curse! a curse!" Her cheeks grew as pale as snow, and she snatched her hand from the woman's grasp.

"You wicked, slandering old witch! you vile morbid hag! How dare you, before these gentlemen, repeat your Satanic inventions? How dare you, I say?"

Barbara glared in the old woman's eyes like a very fury.
"Barbara, never mind. We do not care at all

for what she says. Did we not agree to enjoy the sport, and let any unpleasantness pass? Don't, Barbara, don't look so." Blanche laid her hand on her arm. The fortune-teller's face suddenly grew lu-

minous again, and almost reverently she touched Blanche's floating golden hair. "Sweet-faced and gazelle-eyed. Oh, the eart aches; yon thunder-browed one will curse you! Oh, the tears you must weep, till you're drowned in them! But there comes another he of the tender heart, who, once torn and hurt, as you must be, will know how to offer the balm that will heal. He will strengthen and

Blanche looked brightly over at De Laurian, whose eyes sent back a dart of love. She never dreamed the fortune-teller referred to any one but him. Roy was watching the two, and as he noted

the messages telegraphed between them, he knew it was a verity, De Laurian's love for Blanche Chetwynd. The old woman suddenly threw the water through the door.

"I will see no more. I will tell no more. My eyes are blind; my heart curdles at the scenes. I will take no money—it would pollute my fingers. Go, all of you, and remember the old fortune-teller's last words—' BEWARE!"

Gradually the force of the strategy appeared THE TEMPTER AND TEMPTED. IF Barbara had anticipated the surprise her announcement would cause, she more than realized her expectations. Barbara, what can possess you? It is such a perfectly wild idea, that of your accepting at once an invitation from a schoolmate you have

CHAPTER X.

not seen for years."

Mr. Chetwynd seemed quite displeased about it, and even frowned when Barbara displayed her letter, and very matter-of-factly declared her intention of accepting it. "Barbara, either you or Nellie Bruges is

crazy. Why, she never seemed so great a friend of yours at college." Blanche spoke in unfeigned surprise, to which Barbara answered carelessly: Nor will we be now I think. I hope you're not jealous, Blanche?"
After that Blanche said nothing further.

"Perhaps, as you aver, it is a foolish whim," Barbara said quietly, to Mr. Chetwynd. "But I should enjoy the tour, and the change of life, for a while at least." Her determined manner carried the day, as usual; and before night her half-dozen trunks stood in the hall, packed, strapped and ticketed. Alone of the party, Roy Davenal had expressed no opinion; but the expression of his

eyes had haunted Barbara all that briny day. On this, the last evening at Chetwynd Chase, she had attired herself in her most becoming toilet, a pale lavender silk. Her splendid hair, so lustrous in its dark brown beauty, was drawn from her forehead a la Pompadour, and then allowed to fall over her shoulders and far below her waist, with only a narrow fillet of

She was beautiful beyond expression, and when her mirror had returned her faithful reflection, she had gone from it with a new light in her already sparkling eyes; the conscious power that beauty always gives a woman. Blanche and her parents were still in their rooms at their toilets, and De Laurian had not

yet ridden to Chetwynd Chase; so that Barbara was alone as she descended the stairs and went out upon the starlit piazza. It was a most perfect night; warm for the month-November, and strangely still, with a

for what cause I have no idea. I have a right!

der gold crescent that was hiding, now and quence, wasted all of his time in one round of then, among the feathery cumuh, and Barbara, as she leaned against the honeysuckle trellis, could not but feel the influence of the time and

And what a time it was! She, a wife, unacknowledged by a soul save her husband; and not only that, but the recognized promised bride of another!

Truly there was little wonder that her breath came quicker, and her heart beat faster, when she heard footsteps approaching, and knew it was her lover coming for the parting interview. She saw Roy Davenal coming up the avenue, and a cold, steely expression gathered in her

Shall I mislead him yet this once? Shall I ers and joyous sunshine. probe him, to see if the blow will be so very double game until every one knows." She decided hastily as Roy came quickly up

the steps, and, with passionate ardor, took both her hands in his own.

so, let me go, and not you."

hands, but he detained them. 'Mr. Davenal, since you will not release me, of course your prisoner has no choice but to remain, however unpleasant the situation."

In an instant he let her hands fall. "What, Barbara! you cease calling me Roy? You affirm it is distasteful to you to be near me? Barbara, tell me, what have I done to of-

It is of no consequence, in the least degree, in the least degree degree

Just then Barbara looked up, and their eyes evil.

source of ceaseless joy to me; afterward, when was the motive that brought you, I concluded to abandon the field to my fair rival, and distinct the waiting to abandon the field to my fair rival, and distinct the waiting that the waiting the waiting that the pose of myself as best I could.

ours, Barbara? You tell me another purpose know was to admire. seeing you brought me all the way from

and pass his hands over his forehead again and of all women. gain, as if to quell some tumultous pain.

sudden happiness lighted his features.

"Barbara, darling, you will take back those cruel words? You'll tell me you have other

So he rapidly wrote them down, all the love words that burned on his lips and flamed in his heart; he called her his "star," his "queen," his reasons for going away? You'll tell me once

He was so impulsive, so ardent, in his great, trong love for this woman, and she smiled at

word, and it was not the reverse in this case.

Blanche Chetwynd, than for me-" He snapped a twig of honeysuckle.

host's daughter, Roy

But as a wife, Barbara, she is a nonenti-empared with you. Why, if I had married Then, lying like a snow-flake on the brightty, compared with you. Why, if I had married her, and then met you, I'd not like to say what hued Persian rug, she saw a blank envelope, un-

He laid his hand on her shoulder and looked tufts of bloom.

vorce, would you?" she laughed, but a cold aught shiver thrilled her as she hastily framed another stance, what would you do?"

she could not help, crept numbly over her, that

'I'd not hesitate a moment. When a man loves as I love you, Barbara Lester, he would never permit another to cross his path with imnity. Do you care for Gervaise De Lau-

The question came so suddenly it almost took her breath; she shrugged her shoulders and I care for Gervaise De Laurian, and en-

gaged to you? Roy, that is absurd.'
He did not smile in response.

matchless effrontery, she answered:

A sigh of relief escaped her as he accepted the deliberate lie. 'I thought perhaps you did," rejoined Roy, caressing her cold fingers. "I judged from your coolness toward me, and by the way you

ust now used his name.' Barbara trembled as she realized the danger her false lips had averted.

She paused on the threshold and looked over

Yes, my dearest one! wherever you go, I

## Cross-Purposes.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A TALL, dark-browed, stern-eyed man, with ed sneering at something, or some one.

He was renowned for his wisdom, his wealth,

and his utter invulnerability to woman's charms; some people said that a woman's charms and a woman's falsity in earlier years had planted when he was silent, awaiting breathlessly the that moody beauty in his splendid eyes. He was very rich, and, as a natural conse-

fashionable gayety; for, heartless though they said he was, among all the cavaliers of his set, there was none with the gracious courtliness of air, and witching devotion to women as this same strange riddle—Rostine Lafaucherie.

Girls there were to be counted by scores who would gladly, for the asking, have taken their place as the mistress of his name, home and purse, and of all who admired him, little Lillian Wallace admired the most.

A tiny, witching girl, scarce up to Mr. La-faucherie's broad shoulders; a violet-eyed, ebon-haired girl, with a heart overflowing with purest womanly instincts, and a life like ong June day—all azure skies, fragrant flow-

probe him, to see if the blow will be so very hard when it comes? He must not know my knowledge come to her that she had crowned this man king of her affections; almost before she had come to thoroughly know him she found had been the time when she unconsciously swore allegiance to him.

"Barbara, my darling, why are you going from me? Won't you stay? Is it because I strength, used to bend his head lower than was am here that you are anxious to be away? If his wont to catch the sweet melody of Lillian's And he, in all his proud hauteur, and grand voice as she leaned on his arm, inwardly decid His voice was thrillingly entreating, and he spoke hurriedly, impulsively, as one who has much at stake. Barbara saw his meaning, di-thought of her, while she went on wildly worwined at stake. Darbara saw his meaning, drivined the suspicion he entertained, and resolved shiping, blindly riding on to the rocks of destouse it to her own advantage. With a cold little laugh she struggled to withdraw her ed bark of love would dash to fragments or ride gayly triumphant into a calm haven.

> It was a classic face, chiseled like a statue, with a marble-white complexion that was warmed by no tinge of varying color. Hair of intensest blackness, with here and there a ripple that lent purplish shadows to its massive beauty. Eyes that matched, in hue and intensity; large, full-lidded and slumberous, that re-

that I need repeat it."

She spoke indifferently as she toyed with a bending, with passionate longing in his eyes, and earnest meaning on his features; with and earnest meaning on his features; with Roy's eager eyes were on her impassive face, and the look of distress on his own was pitiful to behold.

And carnest meaning on his leatures, with such looks of love that you would have known this woman, whose portrait he held, was the star of his destiny, whether for good or for

"I will tell you then that you have surmised correctly in supposing that your presence drives me from my home. At first, your visit was a source of ceaseless joy to me information."

And it seemed to him, as he met those rare, radiant eyes, that they were smiling at him with a kindler light than ever Muriel Tresource of ceaseless joy to me information. denly kissed those pomegranate-scarlet lips, if discovered it was not myself, after all, that ever the warm, moist, living ones would so

abandon the field to my fair rival, and disse of myself as best I could."

He fairly worshiped her, that high-bred, high-born girl, Muriel Trevanion; she, of all wow what I you accuse me of favoring a rival of men, he had chosen to love—he, whom to

He never once thought of his own attractions St. Louis here? Oh, Barbara, what demon has in regard to Muriel Trevanion. When he been poisoning your heart against me?" thought of her, it was with feelings strangely His voice was freighted with anguish, and humble and self-abased that he dared aspire to thought of her, it was with feelings strangely Barbara saw him throw his hat on the floor, the boon of her love—the princess, the empress

Yet, with all his mad, wild worship for her. A momentary remorseful pang shot through with all the grace and assurance in his perfect manner, Rostine Lafaucherie had never yet ap-Poor fellow, he deserves better than this at proached Muriel Trevanion with words of love. True, they were often together, and were the was a passing thought, but Davenal was best of friends. But to-night, as he met the benefited thereby, for, almost involuntarily, she uttered his name, "Roy!" brightness of her eyes, and saw the full, proud curve of her perfect lips, he suddenly decided to curve of her perfect lips, he suddenly decided to It was spoken in a low, tender tone, and a be dilatory no longer; he would cast the die. So he rapidly wrote them down, all the love

"goddess," and altogether wrote just such a royal letter, that the woman who loved him would have been intoxicated with the joy of it.

He carefully placed this in an undirected, un-

is impetuous way.

A smile usually opens the door to a kind himself, so there would be no delay, or danger of another's reading it; and then he started off, Roy, I admit I am hardly treating you fair- first for an engagement with Lillian Wallace I did say I thought you cared more for afterward to put his fate in Muriel Trevanion's white hands.

'I don't care that for her! and you know it, whom the sound of his footfall was as sweetest followed in the footsteps of the scout. ost's daughter, Roy."

"As a lady, she will always command my esement and honor; as a friend, my best friend-because there seemed a new deliver so little, hand and touched them teem and honor; as a friend, my best friend- because there seemed a new, delicious atmos-

would have been the consequences. Barbara, sealed, and looking for all the world as if it had don't you know how I love you?" been purposely hidden among the soft, velvety

Perhaps a secret suspicion surged over her You'd not commit suicide, or sue for a di- at any rate, she hastened to see if it contained

And then she read the eagerly, passionful love question. "Suppose the case reversed. Suppose I were married, to Mr. De Laurian, for infrom his very soul, to Muriel Trevanion: those from his very soul, to Muriel Trevanion; those otestations and proudly humble entreaties to As she waited his answer, a sickening dread let him know if she loved him.

and trembled in the might of the sudden tide of iss that had surged in upon her. Rostine Lafaucherie loved her-her! was it

not wondrous strange, she thought, and yet, oh, so passing sweet to be his, alone, entirely? Did she not love him? Ah, the sweet, shy

ushing of her face answered the question And then, on a dainty sheet of faintest perfumed paper, Lillian Wallace opened all her heart to Rostine Lafaucherie; told him, in all the glad pride and triumph a woman feels when You have gracefully evaded the question. she has won her greatest prize—the heart of the De you care for him at all? Yes or no, man she loves—with no pretension to reserve, for had not he been so free, so frank?-all she He regarded her with a scrutiny that took all | felt; all the bliss that had come to her through He regarded her with a scrutiny that took all felt; all the bliss that had come to her through ber indomitable will to meet. Then, with her him, and how forever thankful she was and bushes, but hardly had he extended himself would be for the love he had given her.

She sent him the letter by mail, and then went about her duties, with a lighter heart than ever woman carried before.

"Poor, poor Lillian! How was she to know it was not for her, when no name had been mentioned? when all the endearing appellations were so poetic-"star" and "princess?" Was it not reasonable to think undoubtingly it meant her? Besides, how easy for us all to I am going in, Roy; it is getting chilly. Are believe true what we want to be true!

Very like her picture was Muriel Trevanion her shoulder. Roy thought he had never seen that sunny noonday, as she sat near the bay-her so passing fair. through the quivering leaves of flowers, lay a

"It has been so long since I saw you," she said, as she sunk gracefully back in her low bamboo chair; and he, the proud, eager lover, so longed to take her in his arms and swear never to leave her again.

And he did tell her it all in quick, trembling

words, that came faster almost than he could say them; he utterly forgot he had written it lips that seldom smiled, and flashing, gloomy eyes of intensest black; eyes that always seem-scious of the fate of that letter; he only remembered he was suing for the one blessing life yet lacked—the love of Muriel Trevanion.

And she, downcast, pallid as marble, listened rage. "Jest fire a shot an' we'll string the hull with tender pity at her woman's heart. Then, of yer up like inyons!"

He did not see the tears on her eyelashes; he did not see the anguished quivering of her lips. He seemed stricken blind, deaf, dumb, yet with all the fearful capacity of realizing the despairing disappointment of his blasted life hopes.

In his own room it lay, a white-winged messenger, addressed in Lillian Wallace's hand; the first object that arrested his attention as he en-

Heartsore, soul-sick, he opened it and read it. Such a letter; such a revelation—and then, with a pang of horror, he discovered the loss of his letter; he must have drawn it from his pocket with his handkerchief, and Lilian, dear, guileless little Lillian had thought it was for har!

Even with all his own burdens, his heart bled for her; for how could he accept it, this pure,

girlish love against the scorching simoom that was blighting him—all for Muriel Trevanion? So he folded up the letter in a tenderly pitiful way, and wrote another, just such a one as just such a gentleman would write, telling her the mistake, assuring her it was a sacred secret, and praying her, with an eloquence that almost killed her when she read it over and over, in the first days of her agony, to be merciful to him for his agency in thus wounding so pure a

So they three parted then and there forever: Muriel Trevanion to tread a path of fairest flowers, whose only thorns were memories of Rostine Lafaucherie's dumb, hopeless despair. He, who had worshiped her, and whom another worshiped, afar to other countries, where he strove, and never succeeded, to forget the old, old memories; and Lillian, whose violet eyes carried a brooding, haunting agony in their depths that seemed ever weeping unshed tears, went wearily on and on, with but one precious memory to shine on her darkened pathway the remembrance that, of all women, Rostine Lafaucherie had written he sympathized most strongly with her.

## Rocky Mountain Rob, THE CALIFORNIA OUTLAW:

## The Vigilantes of Humbug Bar.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF THE "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT,"
"RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPACES." "HEART
OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK,"
"A STRANGE GIRL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RAID ON THE "HEATHEN." "All clear?" asked the leader of the outlaws, and Talbot recognized at once that it was the terrible road-agent in person. He had not forgotten the voice which had doomed him to the awful death, from which he had been rescued

by the rattlesnake.

"All right, Cap," the scort responded.

"Go on ahead, then," Rob said; "go slow and keep your wits about you. We must not make the attack until about one. We must allow time enough for the game to shut up and low time enough for the game to shut up and the miners to get away. The 'Johns' will be easy enough to handle, but two or three of the 'sharps' from the valley would be apt to worry us a little."

Thrice had Talbot drawn back the nammer of his revolver, and thrice he had "covered" Rob with a deadly aim, but the thought was madness. He did not care to give his own life in exchange for the life of the road-agent.

"I understand, Cap," the scout replied.

Then the scout struck into the trail by which Talbot had come to the opening, and which led down to the banks of the Wisdom. The main body of the outlaws waited some

ten minutes; then Rob gave the command to obstinacy of his victim.

Tramp—tramp!
The sound of the measured step of the out-

laws rose and fell on the air, ringing out sharply at first, but growing fainter and fainter as the march led down toward the valley; they soon ceased altogether, and then Talbot rose from his lair amid the bushes

The few words which he had overheard remarch of the outlaws. It was their intent to attack the Chinese Camp and wrest from the Celestials their precious gold-dust.

'I need not hurry myself much to track them now that I know where they are going," Talbot | without a groan. muttered; "and it will only be prudent not to was not alleviated when he spoke, in a painfully-shrill whisper:

"I'd not hesitate a moment. When a man and trembled in the wight of t behind the rest, and, though I should not fear to encounter one of the scoundrels, the noise of

And so Dick waited twenty minutes at least before he took the trail leading to the river.

Cautiously, revolver in hand, he stole onward along the winding way. He knew not but at any moment he might stumble upon the robber band; but, as there were so many of them, he one by one, and roast you!" he exclaimed, savdoubted not that he could detect them before

they could him. At last he came within ear-shot of the Chinese Camp, and still no sound hovering on the air told of the presence of the armed ruffians. upon the ground when to his ears came the sound of a man's fist knocking against a door

It was one of the road-agents trying to gain en trance to the shanty. Determined to look upon the scene of horror which he felt sure would soon come, Dick slowly and cautiously crawled through the bushes, fearful that at any moment he might stumble upon some one of the outlaws conceal-

ed in the thicket. But precaution was needless, as he soon discovered the moment he reached the edge of the bushes. The road-agents, in a circle, had surrounded the house, waiting the result of their comrade's parley with the Chinamen.

follow, even to the death."

Like a funeral knell those words rung in her cars, and, despite her efforts to forget them, they some time before Rostine Lafaucherie was shown in; and then, with a smile, arose to wel-To the first knock at the door of the shanty the inmates made no reply, and, just as Talbot shanty came to the edge of the opening, the outlaw A ho

Johns," evidently aroused by the noise. "Got a sick man hyer," answered the out-law; "I'm feared he'll die ef I don't get him shelter. His leg's broke, I s'pose. He tumbled down a rock a leetle way back." "No open, Mellican man," the Chinaman re-

"Blazes! you won't let the man die out hyer in the bush, will yer?" the man die out hyer in the bush, will yer?" the outlaw demanded, in pretended indignation. Getee way-me shootee!" cried the "John,"

"The blazes you will!" cried the outlaw, in a

Deliberately two of the stoutest of the outlaws raised a huge stone and cast it against the door. The rock broke in the fragile obstruction instantly, and then, yelling like demons, the outlaws rushed into the shanty.

The Chinamen, frightened at the numbers of

the assailants, did not attempt to resist, but suffered themselves to be dragged out by their long cues, pleading in pitiful accents for mercy.

"Whar's your dust?" the outlaws cried.

"Me gotee no dustee!" the poor heathens replied, in terror—a reply which was received

plied, in terror—a reply which was received by the outlaws with a short of laughter.

Striking a light, the brigands searched the sharty, but found only a small quantity of gold-dust, a circumstance which disappointed them greatly, for they had counted upon ex-tracting a rich booty from the heathen Chinee.

The chief one of the Chinamen was the man who had acted as dealer of the monte bank—a fact that seemed known to the outlaw chief

fact that seemed known to the outlaw chief for, when the road-agents sacked the shanty and reported the amount of gold-dust, Rob gave utterance to a bitter oath, and, pointing to the Chinaman who was standing in the center of the little group of trembling men, said:

out shoes. A dozen hasty, rough hands instantly seized the unfortunate Celestial.
"Where's your dust, John'?" Rob cried,

"Me no gottee dustee, muchee," the heathen rage. So he quietly skirted round the clearing until he struck the trail leading down the valreplied, trembling.

Then Rob drew one of his silver-mounted re-

volvers from its pouch, deliberately cocked it, and placed the cold muzzle against the temple he Chinaman.

fallen to the ground.

But, even with the cold press of the revolver upon his brow, he either would not or could not

upon his brow, he either would not or count lied tell the hiding-place of the gold-dust.

"The yellow lieathen shall tell, or I'll cut his heart out for the dogs to eat," the outlaw said, heart out for the dogs to eat," the outlaw said, along the mountain side.

Some of the "night birds" of the Bar had hapthough lesitating to pull the trigger, for he knew that the death of the man would not give him the dust, and possibly, being the chief man of the shanty, he was the only one who knew the hiding place of the traggere

of the sharty, he was the only one who knew the hiding-place of the treasure.

"Make a fire some of you," was the next command of Rob. And, while the road-agents hurried to obey, two more, at Rob's order, bound the Chinaman hand and foot with cords. A huge fire blazed out, and then they placed the helpless Chinaman so that the fire would toast his feet, and inch by inch, as Rob dictated, they moved the helpless man nearer and

nearer to the fire. The shrieks and prayers of the tortured man were awful, but the road-agents roared with laughter as they beheld the sufferings of their

Talbot, watching from the thicket, felt his blood run cold with horror. He had often heard of the terrible deeds of the lawless roadagents, but this scene of agony surpassed any brutal act that he had heard ascribed to the

Thrice had Talbot drawn back the hammer

### CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LAST OF THE CHINESE CAMP. "Confess, you heathen! Where's your golddust?" cried the outlaw chief, enraged at the

Me no dustee!" exclaimed the Chinaman between his moans of pain. "Stick his feet into the fire, the cursed fool!"

yelled Rob, brutally.

But before the two outlaws who held the struggling man could obey the order, the vic-tim, with a strength that seemed almost superarms, and seizing one of the road-agents by the Rimee. throat, endeavored to choke him; the man was "We

crazy with pain. Over upon the ground rolled the two in close embrace, but the knife of the other ruffian who vealed to him the purpose of the midnight had previously held the victim, quickly settled the contest, and with a groan of anguish the un-fortunate Chinaman released his hold on the throat of the outlaw, much to the relief of that worthy, and falling on his back, died almost

"You cursed fool!" cried the outlaw chief, in a rage, "what did you do that for ?"
"He was a-strangling Bill," replied the ruffian, sullenly, wiping his knife as he spoke on the skirt of his coat, while "Bill" rose to his our struggle would bring all the rest back upon feet, his neck still livid from the clasp of the

man whom they tortured to desperation.
"He would have saved the hangman some trouble," Rob said, grimly. Then he turned to the little group of Chinese, who stood trembling with fear a dozen paces off.

"I've half a mind to throw you into the fire, Down on their knees in an agony of fear

went the unfortunate men. Their despairing cries came out shrill on the night air. Little feeling of mercy had the outlaw, though; his iron heart knew no touch of tenderness or leniency.

'Where's the dust?" shouted Rob, sternly. Quickly and eagerly the affrighted men denied all knowledge of any treasure concealed in the

The cursed whelps!" cried the chief, in a rage, "they value their gold-dust more than the sheen of sable silk, the olive-tinged face, each feature so perfectly cut, the full red lips and little white teeth "We'd better hurry up, Cap," one of the ruffans said to Rob; "we've been a long time about this job now.

Set fire to the shanty !" ordered Rob. the dust is concealed inside, we'll fix it so that they shan't have it, if they deny it to us."

With many a wild shout and curse the roadagents snatched burning brands, and in a min-

ute or so the flames burst forth from the A howl of despair came from the lips of the Rimee, heathen as they beheld the destruction of their "Go

"The next one that howls, pitch him into the fire!" cried Rob; then an idea struck the outlaw chief.

Here, some of you fellows, cut off the pigtails of the cusses; they'll do for mule-whips!"

A shout of laughter went up from the band.
They all knew how dear to the heart of the Celestial was the cherished "cue."

to one side and go on.

"Have you heard the news this morning?"
the colonel asked, taking a step toward the young man, so that it was almost impossible for him to advance.

The ruffians did not wait for a second bidding, but in a trice, with their sharp bowie-knives, shaved off the pig-tail from the head of every Chinaman.

which came from the lips of the Celestials at when he was silent, awaiting breathlessly the fate she would award him, she raised her eyes to fate she would award him, she raised her eyes to

"I am sorry—oh, 80 sorry, but, Mr. Lafaucherie, I am betrothed already to the choice of my heart. Oh, Mr. Lafaucherie, God knows how it pains me to be obliged to tell you this!"

"The heathen ought to be cleaned out, any muttered Rob, as if to partially excuse the outrage which his band had committed to be obliged to tell you this!"

"The heathen ought to be cleaned out, any muttered Rob, as if to partially excuse the outrage which his band had committed. "They've no business here, taking the bread They've no business here, taking the bread out of the mouths of honest white men."

That's so," cried another one of the gang. The flames shot up, brighter and brighter.
Talbot had retired further into the shelter of the bushes, as the lurid light lit up the scene. He had carefully scrutinized the persons of the outlaws, trusting to find some clue as to who they were. The effort had been a fruitless one, though, for all the rufflans were black masks which fully concealed their features, and as they were dressed in the rough and careless style

peculiar to the mountain mining region, Dick could not hope to identify any one of the actors

in the terrible tragedy. He had carefully studied the walk and bearing of the several outlaws, as they had moved up and down in the light of the burning house, thinking that he could tell Jim York, disguised though he was; but not one of the ruffians seemed to be the man he was in search of. As the flames blazed up brighter and brighter, Rob gave the signal for the retreat, and in five minutes more the sound of their footsteps died

Talbot did not attempt to follow; he had the little group of trembling men, said:
'Bring that fellow to me—the old one witht shoes."

learnt all that it was possible for him to know
at present. Nor did he step forth into the
opening where the almond-eyed sons of the East were weeping loud and sore at the calamity which had come upon them. Dick, familiar with the ways of the Celestials, knew that they would instantly connect him with the out-

Then as he proceeded onward, the sky around him lit up by the flames of the burning shanty, of the Chinaman.

"Now, you yellow dog, spit out where you buried your dust, or I'll send you to your father, the devil, instanter," he cried, sternly.

The unfortunate Chinaman trembled so that but for the support of the road agents who still be hed corresponding to the first that it would not be well for him to relate at the Bar what he had witnessed during the past few hours. He was a stranger, and the chances were ten to one that the gentle miners of Humbug would be apt to think that but for the support of the road-agents, who still kept their rude hands upon him, he would have fallen to the ground.

Inhers of Trumoug would be apt to called the had some hand in the affair, and Talbot had learned by experience how difficult it was to reason with a mob of free and enlightened citizens, particularly when their blood was up for

pened to see the light of the flames reflected along the sky, and quite a little knot of people were gathered in front of the Waterproof sa-

loon, discussing the fire.

Talbot, striking down from the hill-side, came upon the group from the rear. It was now about four o'clock, and the morning was near at hand. Dick retired to his room, threw himself upon his bed without undressing, and in five minutes was in the land of dreams. With the morning light came a messenger

from the Chinese Camp who told the sad story of the outlaws' raid. The miners looked blank as they listened to the fearful tale—not that they cared so much about the wrong done to the "heathen," as they termed the simple, hard-working sons of the Flowery Land—but that each man mentally speculated how long it would be before some lonely white man's cabin in the mountain gulches would be ravaged by the outlaws, in search of gold dust

search of gold-dust. And great was the discussion in the break-fast-room of the Waterproof saloon that morn-ing, regarding the outrage, and many dark inti-mations that Judge Lynch would have to take a hand in the game "afore long," passed from lin to lin

After his breakfast was over, Colonel Jacks. started for the mine in which he was interested. Since his interview with the fortune-teller, the colonel had meditated a great deal upon the statements she had made, and the more he thought about the matter the greater became

One thing, though, he had made up his mind to, and that was to find the man who had called himself John Rimee and question him regarding his history.

And as the colonel walked along, the subject came again to his mind, and then, too, he re-membered the declaration of the fortune-teller that he would gain no information from John "We shall see," he muttered, nervously

grasping his cane with an iron grip and knit-ting his brows together. "And why does this girl or woman, whatever she is, seem to take such an interest in me and mine?" he mused. There was more than the jargon of the prophetess in her speech. His way led right past the shanty occupied by the fortune-teller. A curious glance he gave at the house as he passed, and then, as he turn-

ed the angle beyond, following the line of the ill, he came upon the very man he had wished Colonel Jacks and the dark-haired, dark-eyed young stranger who had called himself John Rimee were face to face!

agreeable to both

CHAPTER XXX RIMEE AND THE COLONEL. THE recognition was mutual as John Rimee and Colonel Jacks came together, but not

Rimee hesitated, then drew back a step as if with a wish to avoid the meeting; but that was mpossible, for the two were not three feet The old colonel looked at the face of the young man with a great deal of curiosity. Ev-

ery feature was familiar to him. The woman, dead and hidden in an unknown grave, rose again before him. The jet-black hair, curling in little crispy curls, the eyes, lustrous with light and dark as the sheen of sable silk, the olive-tinged face,

and little white teeth It was the face of the woman whom he had once so madly loved he looked upon, except that the slight down of a mustache shaded the

upper lip of the young stranger. The colonel's keen eyes noticed the hesitation of the young man in an instant, and that hesitation half confirmed him in the belief that the fortune-teller had really spoken the truth when she had declared that the young stranger was is son, and that the fact was also known to

"Good-morning, sir," said the colonel, blandly, but his voice trembled just a little in spite of his efforts to control it.

"Good-morning," replied Rimee, distantly, and he made a motion as though he would pass to one side and go on.
"Have you heard the news this morning?"

for him to advance. Rimee was evidently ill-at-ease A terrible outrage by the road-agents of this fellow who calls himself Rocky Mountain Rob. They sacked the Chinese Camp last night Low, but deep, were the moans of anguish and killed one of the principal men there."

"It is very bad," the youth remarked, me-

gether.

"I beg your pardon," the colonel said, suddenly, "but, if you will excuse the liberty, I should like to ask you a few questions."

the watching eyes of the colonel.

Finding that the young man did not reply, the old man went on in his speech.

"If you remember, when I met you before I took the liberty of asking you some questions." Yes, sir, I remember it distinctly," Rimee

said, quickly and coldly. "Ah, you do remember?" The colonel de tected anger shining in the dark, handsome eyes, although a strong effort was being made to conceal it. The mask of cold indifference was too slight, though, to deceive the keen-eyed

"Yes, sir," Rimee said, coldly, and with a touch of haughtiness in his manner. "I frankly say, sir, that I can not understand in what way myself or fortunes can concern you in the least; but you asked me certain questions and I answered them to the best of my ability."

great importance to me."

"I am at your service, sir," Rimee said, impatiently, and the full red lips came together

"Miss Deb was sorely disappointed that day.

Miss Deb was sorely disappointed that day.

firmly.

"Your mother's name was Catherine, and Virginia, twentyyou were born in Norfolk, Virginia, twenty-four years ago," the colonel continued, gravely, a peculiar look in his cold gray eyes.

Rimee seemed utterly and thoroughly as-

tonished; there was no mask upon the face now. He stared at the ex-soldier as if he could hardly believe the evidence of his ears. You must be laboring under some strange

mistake, sir!" Rimee exclaimed, evidently greatly bewildered, "or else I have misunderstood "Perhaps you have; I do not always speak

plainly," the colonel rejoined, quietly. "Oblige me with your attention and I will repeat my remark. Your mother's name was Isabel, and you were born at New Orleans twenty-five The hot blood swept over the face of Rimes

as the colonel spoke; too late he saw the pitfall which the soldier had dug for him and

into which he had fallen.

"Aha! you are silent," the colonel said. "If I had made this last statement first how quickly you would have contradicted it. You were all prepared for that. I am sure now; the information that I have received is correct. And now tell me one thing: why is it that you bear me such a deadly hatred? Did your mother instill it into you with the milk which gave you

his self-possession, but the olive-tinged face

was paler than it was wont to be.

"I can not understand, sir, why you should take me to be other than I am. I told you on our first meeting that my name was John Rimee, and that I was born in France," he said,

"But your mother's name?" "You spoke it but now."
'Isabel?"

" No, Catherine."

"Catherine!" and a quiet smile appeared on the face of the colonel as he uttered the name. "Yes; you can easily understand my aston ishment at hearing you, an entire stranger to me, pronounce the name of my mother."
"Well played, young man," the colonel muttered, to himself, biting the long ends of his

"I trust that you are perfectly satisfied now that I speak the truth," Rimee said, slowly.

"I am satisfied that you are the child of the woman named Isabel, and who, in New Orleans, twenty-five years ago, was known as Mrs. De Long, the wife of a Creole planter, whose place was just above Sureycoort on the Red place was just above Shreveport on the Red

"Again I assure you, sir, that you are laboring under strange misapprehension," the young

Perhaps so," the colonel replied, slowly, Then the colonel stepped aside so that the

young man could go on.

"Good-morning," Rimee said politely, and then hurried round the angle of the hill.

The colonel did not speak, but just nodded his head in answer to the salutation. He remained quite a time, motionless upon the spot

where the interview had taken place. seemed to recover himself from the abstraction into which he had fallen, and walked thought-Get-up Gulch, where the mine of the company of which Colonel Jacks was president was located, was some three miles from the Bar, and

about an hour before he arrived at the mine.

The colonel entered the shanty, his office, and scating himself, plunged at once into business. The morning's work was transacted as usual, and when noon came, and the colonel was proceeding to dispatch a red herring and a cracker accompanied by a glass of whisky, the president of the Get-up Gulch Mining Company's usual lunch, in walked Jim Turner, and quietly helped himself to an empty herring-box,

Turner was a tall, muscular fellow, with a ge brown beard and a shock of brown hair. He was one of the leading men of Get-up Gulch, and owned two - eighths of the "Bull-pout strike," the best paying mine-in a small wayfor miles around

Hallo, Jim," said the colonel. "'Morning, kurnel," replied Jim, abstracted-

"Have a herring and a cracker?" the colonel asked, tendering the hospitalities of his man-

"Don't keer much for herrin's; much obliged to you all the same, kurnel."
"Take a little rye?" and Jacks held up the

The liquor was poured out and dispatched at

And then, Jacks looked inquiringly at Tur ner. It was very evident to the colonel that his visitor had something on his mind. The colonel looked at Turner and Turner looked at the colonel; then Turner removed a

huge plug of tobacco from his mouth, got up, turned the herring-box down sideways and

"Kurnel, when in the natur' of human events" -then Turner stuck.
"Spit it out, Jim," said the colonel, encour-

agingly, passing him the bottle.
"Oh, blazes to splinter, kurnel, we're goin' to raise 'tarnal smash round hyer, and we want you to head the b'ilin'!

And then Turner dismounted from the box and took a swig at the bottle.

(To be continued-Commenced in No. 152.)

SWEARING begins in anger; it ends by ningling itself with ordinary conversation.

## The False Widow:

A shade passed rapidly over the face of Rimee; but, quick as it was, it did not escape | FLORIEN REDESDALE'S FORTUNE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CECIL'S DE-CEIT," "STRANGELY WED," "MADAME DU-RAND'S PROTEGES," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

AS FROM THE DEAD. STIFF, and stern, and gaunt, Miss Deborah Gray sat bolt upright in her chair in the midst of her spotlessly clean-kitchen.

Her hands were folded across her lap, idle for nce. Her eyes fixed upon the stainless white through. Two years passed scarcely left a trace mines. We were successful even beyond our upon Miss Gray. Yet the cold eyes as they lift- ed had a weary look—not heavy with unshed together enough to keep me the rest of my life, and the wear will be a second of the wear will be

mmaculate shelves, and finally sitting down in tions, and here I am.

Her withered old heart had been yearning over the one spot of tenderness it contained—tenderness truly, though it had lain undemonstrative when an expression of it in look or word might have changed the rebellious current of a reso-lute young life. And now she felt that she had been looking and waiting in vain for the comng of the girl she had sadly missed in these last

"Like all the rest," Miss Deb thought, compressing her thin lips. "Ungrateful and forgetful. Taken up with the empty pleasures of the wicked world, tricked out in vanity and treading paths of deceit. And I thought—I did think, though turning her back on one who strove to bring her up in paths of rectitude and truth, that she would come to see me for a little time, at least. It's a trial, but through such are we purified. I didn't know before I'd so set my heart on the child's coming."

Miss Deb stifled another sigh upon her lips there, and took up the sewing she had not touched before that day. She did not even look up as the front gate clanged and a step crunched upon the graveled walk. It was too late to expect Florien now. Besides, this was a man's step, and Miss Deb was quite free from the feminine weakness which could interest her in any man's approach,

She did glance up at last sourly enough as the step paused in the open door, and a shadow With a violent effort Rimee had recovered marked itself across the sun-barred floor.

A tall, broad-shouldered man, with bronzed, handsome features, eager, dark eyes, and nut-brown hair just touched with silver, cut close and curling about his rather massive head. One you would never mistake for any thing other than he was—a bigh-toned gentleman. He stood, hat in hand, his head bent forward scanning the room and its one occupant.

"Good-evening to you, Miss Deborah Gray." His voice was rich, quiet and deep, and there was a smile on his lips and in his eyes as he read the perplexed and doubting expression up-

"Good-evening to you, then, though you've

got something the advantage of me. Come in, if you like."

The invitation was not very graciously given, but the stranger acted upon it without hesitation. He came forward until he stood close facing her.

Don't you know me, Deborah? You never quite forgave me, so I think it isn't possible that you've utterly forgotten."

"It isn't—it can't be—you are never Hubert Redesdale!"

I am Hubert Redesdale. Shake hands. Deborah, and forget all the unpleasantness which was between us in the past."

at first, as at this moment; but she sat still, modate us." spoke quietly, and overcame her faintness and

was over her weakness, repeating:
"I can't understand it—I can't. You were brey Lessingham. dead and buried two years ago, now you're here

as the colonel walked on very leisurely, his hands behind him, deep in meditation, it was "Not qu "Not quite dead, Deborah. Very near it, I line figure within. "Don't turn me away, grant, but never buried certainly. I'll explain all that presently. But now tell me where Floof." my little winsome girlie. You can't know how my love for her has grown in these years of my absence; it is that which has brought me back at last. Where is she, Debo-

ral ? You don't mean you've come here without seeing her-them? Haven't you been there? I don't know why you should come here at all after putting such a slight upon the memory of my sister Winnifred. I shouldn't think you'd care

for a place which must remind you of her." mind the rest now, Deborah; it is my daughter

Where is she?" repeated Miss Deb, grimly. "Where should she be but with your new wife—the Frenchy thing you married out there in A devoted bride she must have been to come away thinking you were dead.

He returned her glance, in which rising ire lous, as hers had been a little time before

"Wal, seein' it's you, kurnel, I don't mind ef I do take 'bout four fingers of it," Jim remark-don't tell me that!" He was pale with the could fear, and a cold moisture was breaking upon his forehead. But her words tion. llayed his fear.

Dead? I should think not. She is in New York with your wife, I say. I don't see why you didn't go there first; you could scarcely expect to find that woman here."

That woman! what woman? My wife died two years and a half ago, out there in Austratwo years and a harr ago, out the lia, the second month after our marriage. She lia, the second month after our marriage. We had died and was buried beyond a doubt. We had our passage taken for home, and I had written to announce our return, when she was stricken down with the fever. She did not live a week, and I was never away from her. She was buried, and the same day I fell ill of the scourge which ingenuous face.

was sweening off hundreds every day. I had "I have the honor to be Miss Redesdale's affiexhausted my strength, and the third day of my illness, fell into a stupor which resembled death; it was the day following that we were to have sailed for home. My business agent -Alec Kenyon-and his wife who were to reto see what he supposed to be my lifeless re-

mains consigned to the grave, but the woman persuaded him to hasten away from the plague-tainted city. He would not have gone even then, but he found a friend of mine who had recovered from the fever and meant to remain, who promised to take the responsibilities of the burial, and not let me be hurried away in the dead-cart which was loaded down on its rounds now with ghastly burdens. His wife would have had me sent away in it soon as I was apparently dead, and to Alec's faithfulness I owe my preservation. Before the hour fixed for my burial I betrayed signs of life, and my friend was unwearying in his attendance upon me. While I was yet unconscious he had me moved out of the city, and when I was able to bear the tained journey, had me conveyed still further to a place of his up among the mountains. While once. He eyes have a standard with the standard with the standard there a bar of afternoon sunshine mottled there, and recovering, an excitement broke out; it goldenly, and the shadows of the leaves at gold had been found in the vicinity, and I jointhe window quivered as the breeze rustled ed with him in establishing and operating answered them to the best of my ability."

"I again beg your pardon, sir," the colonel said, stiffly, and there was a look in his stern gray eyes which forced the fiery black ones to drop before them, "and I trust you will excuse my questions when I tell you that they are of great importance to me."

"I am at your saving said," Pimes said in the carry of the way. She checked a sight upon her lips and rose up, moving about restlessly, arranging articles alter and return. I did do it, delaying only for the ready in order, dusting imaginary specks from time necessary to close up my business connections.

"I had written to Florien each year, to you occasionally, sending remittances for her use, but I never heard from home except casually once or twice from acquaintances I chanced

"All that I was worth before that illness of leaving every thing to Florien should I never return. I settled leter accumulations upon my wife, and all my papers were in Alec's possession. He promised, should I not recover, to have every thing properly conveyed to my daughter. "Poor fellow! The ship in which he sailed was lost; a few escaped, but he and his wife

"That is my story—all of it. I came here at once after landing. And you tell me that Florien is not here—that I have a wife who has claimed her and taken here are a wife who has claimed her and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here and taken here are a wife who has claimed here. claimed her and taken her away. The woman is an impostor whoever she may be. Tell me all you know of her, Deborah; of her claims, and by what means she was successful in her

hold move. Miss Gray told him, and brought out the letter she had received two years before, signed with his wife's name, announcing his death and her

Mr. Redesdale heard her through, and glanced at the letter she gave him.
"It must be that Kenyon's wife escaped," he

said, thoughtfully, when she was through. "No one else could have successfully carried out the She was a clever adventuress-nothing better—not half worthy the noble fellow, her husband. He would have died rather than lent himself to such a scheme. I can not recall having ever seen her chirography, but this is very different from my own wife's penmanship. And the date—oh! I see. This letter was written and dispatched by the mail steamer the very day they embarked. The woman's name was Mirette, too, the same as my wife's; and my apparent death with that may have shown her how feasible the plan could be made."

The sun dropped low, sunk out of sight, and

The sun dropped low, sunk out of sight, and it grew dusk as they sat there. Then Miss Deb started up with an exclamation half of surprise, half of apology. She had made her confession while they talked together, after this manner:

"You said when you came in that I never quite forgave you, and maybe it's so. We're quits on it then, for I hardly acted fair by you, Hubert Redesdale, though I believe I did what was best." And with that preface she told of the intercepted letters, of Florien's grief, of her loyalty always from her childish remembrances Her hard, gray face grew harder and grayer as she gazed at him, and her lips parted with a half-gasp before she could speak, her voice hoarse and unnatural when she did.

Howard always from her childish remembrances of him. When the confession was made, peace and confidence were perfect between them; the hard woman was softened and happier than she had been since the day her sister Winnifred ran away to marry the impetuous student who had fallen in love with her pretty face.

"It's two good hours after tea-time," she id. "What was I thinking of, and you just

which was between us in the past."

She let her cold hand rest for a moment in his hearty clasp, that dazed look still on her face.

"I can't understand it," she said. Miss Deb had never been so near fainting, or going into hysterics, or finding some such feminine outlet for her amazement and incredulity, half terror

"I think gof, and you just in from traveling too. You'll be famished. Sit is first morning the hotel before I came here, and shall go back for the night. I shall take the first morning train for the city, unmask that woman who claims to be my wife, and bring Florien down of the ports along the shore."

"I think your first impression was correct, Aubrey. That woman is hiding Florien for some sinister purpose, and they have taken for the city, unmask that woman who claims to be my wife, and bring Florien down on a visit for a week or two if you can accomfor her amazement and incredulity, half terror on a visit for a week or two if you can accom-

While they stood there the gate clanged for the impulse to scream and laugh and cry in a breath which assailed her. In a moment she came up the walk. Miss Deb struck a light was over her weakness, repeating:

My dear Miss Gray, am I intruding again ?" he asked, with a laughing glance at the masculine figure within. "Don't turn me away

"Florien? She is not here." "Surely she must be. She left town two days ago for Beachcliff. Do you mean to say she has not been here?"

'She has not been here. It's two years almost since she set foot in this house

A little dismayed silence fell, broken by Mr. Redesdale coming forward. "Are you quite sure?" he asked. "She may

have intended coming and been detained. ra place which must remind you of her."
"Will you tell me where Florien is? Never and by no means dead as report has had it."
At that Miss Deb realized the sense of her duty, and presented the two gentlemen. Aubrey, astonished beyond measure, and attracted by the open, handsome face which Florien resembled, gave him a hearty welcome home

verting to the subject after a little time. Do you suppose Winnifred would have done called at the house the day before yesterday, but the family had left early that morning—un-expectedly, I think. I had a note given me, betrayed itself, with one amazed and incredu- left by Miss Redesdale herself, stating that they

were coming here."

"It is strange," mused Florien's father.
"Have you that note at present, Mr. Lessingham? It is possible you may have been mistaken—that it will bear some other construction."

"I think not." Aubrey reddened and hesitated. The note, short as it was, would betray the tender relation they had so lately acknow edged; but a glance at the other's face decided im to have no concealments from the outset. I have the note; you shall judge for your self.

A few brief lines, announcing their departure for Beachcliff and Miss Gray's—that decidedly enough; beginning "Dearest" and signed "Yours, Florien." Mr. Redesdale turned it over in his hand with a half-sigh and a halfsmile, fixing his steady eyes on the young man's

anced husband, sir,"-answering that look. "And I have come for my daughter just in time to lose her. That, again, however. Where is the next place after this they would be most

have been here, sir. If Florien had been alone glance, caught sight of the footman's inquisitive she might have gone for a few days to her school friends. Had it not been Mrs. Redesdale's anxiety to come, which hurried them away so suddenly, I would think she might

have caused an alteration in their plans."
"Ah!" The ejaculation interrupte "Ah!" The ejaculation interrupted him. He had not been enlightened regarding the imposture which had been successfully palmed upon the world during the two years past, but now Mr. Redesdale repeated his story briefly though succinctly.

The younger man heard him aghast, and his mind, quickened by a lover's intuition, grasped the fear which her father scarcely enter-

"It must be that that woman has received some hints of your being alive, and has spirited her away, to subserve in some manner her plot. The proposed journey to Beachcliff was meant both to deceive Florien and any one making in quiries after her. A woman like that would op at nothing to accomplish her designs; she may be meaning to keep Florry as a hostage while she makes terms with you."

"It would seem so. My poor little girl!" "We must lose no time in starting a search for her, sir. Heaven knows what indignities may be put upon her, or to what trials slie may be subjected. No one would dare bring her absolutely into danger, but there are other ways of inflicting suffering, and Florien is sensitiv to a degree. May I suggest the first step which occurs to me? You, sir, be my father's guest at the Lodge to-night, and make him acquainted with all these circumstances. We came down to-day earlier than we had intended, but very mine had been forwarded to New York, and long before my marriage I had made my will, back to the city, and you shall come in the morning with the judge if you wish, as I pre-sume you will. Meantime, I shall make what inquiries I can, and endeavor to discover the route they have taken."

This course they acted upon. Aubrey had time to accompany Mr. Redesdale to the Lodge, where his appearance created unlimited conster

In the little village, Miss Deb, softened and sorrowful, passed a sleepless night, but with no outward sign, there and alone as she was, to be tray the anxiety which wore upon her. At the Lodge the two men sat late, consulting together. And Aubrey, in his journey back to town, was possessed with that feverish impa-tience which none but a lover can feel, when he knows the object of his love to be encircled by perils which are more appalling for their uncer-

### CHAPTER XXIX.

RENCONTERS.

TEN days after that. Mr. Redesdale, in his city apartments, turned about at sound of the pening door, and the eager expectancy on his

"My dear boy! No need to ask a question, fear-I see failure written on your counte-

"I have failed to discover the faintest trace urther than you already know. And you?"
"Have been wholly unsuccessful. Impossi ble as it seems to remain inactive while her fate is so wrapped in uncertainty, there seems no way for it except to await that woman's move-

ments."
"And she may hold aloof for weeks, counting work daughter to "And she may hold aloof for weeks, counting upon your anxiety regarding your daughter to embrace the first terms she may offer. She has found some way of coercing Florien, that is evident, otherwise she would have written to me, announcing their change of plans. I shall never give up the search until she is found and restored to us, Mr. Redesdale. I am not disheartened, but I am realizing the difficulty of the undertaking which did not seem so great the undertaking, which did not seem so great when we learned they had embarked on Colonel Marquestone's yacht for Beachcliff. It did not hard woman was softened and happier than she had been since the day her sister Winnifred ran away to marry the impetuous student who had probable that the false Mrs. Redesdale should have gained any hint of your arrival. But they have been nowhere heard of since. They have But they neither reached Beachcliff, nor touched at any

"But the companionship, sir."
"It is not reassuring. I find some dark hints regarding Colonel Marquestone under the show of respectability he has attained. A gambler and an adventurer merely tolerated by society. And the young artist is a Kenyon. have had time to think since we met last, and I had not then observed the coincidence of the name. I would have staked my faith in Alec's loyalty to me, but there may be others of the

Aubrey stood gloomy and silent. Louis Ken-ron's presence on board the yacht had been a ource of uneasiness to him all the week. hould he have been taken into the party! Was it possible that any darker scheme than simply holding Florien as a hostage for the protection and benefit of her assumed stepmother was covered by the mystery of their disappearance? Mr. Redesdale, pacing slowly

back and forth, paused presently as he asked may have been distressing ourselves in this matter needlessly. They may have returned from what has been merely a pleasure trip, while we have been scouring the coast in search

In such a case we would have heard before this. I have not yet been there, but, if you

like, we will go together now. They went out into the street, arm in arm "She certainly is not in town," he said, re- There had been no publicity and no scandal yet. It would not be well to give the plotters warning, if it were possible they were yet ignorant of the entire truth regarding Mr. Redes dale's return.

The imposing house looked quite deserted. The whole front was closed, and it was minutes before Aubrey's ring was answered. Thomas, the footman, made his leisurely appearance at No, the ladies had not returned, and there was no word from them. They did not expect any, indeed. Missus had said they would be one for a month, perhaps. The servants had been given a holiday, all except himself, the housekeeper, and the cook, and they wouldn't be apt to know any thing more; still, if the

They turned to descend the steps at the moment that another gentleman who had approached began to ascend, and Mr. Redesdale was brought facing the new-comer. The tab-leau was rather striking, those two men gazing into each other's wonder-stricken faces, Aubrey looking on in some surprise, and Thomas peer-ing from the crack of the door above.

"Alec! Alec Kenyon, is it possible?"

"Mr. Redesdale! Good heavens! Is it truly

—Alec Kenyon—and his wife who were to return along with us, really did sail with the ship. Poor Alec—faithful fellow!—would have staid to see what he supposed to be my lifeless re-

face, and lowered his voice to say:

"This is not the place for explanations.
Come, Aubrey, we will go back together to my

hotel. But Aubrey excused himself, and went off in an opposite direction, his native delicacy sug-gesting that there might be revelations to be

made between these two men which would be better unwitnessed.

And Thomas, describing the scene to his companion dignitaries—the hopsekeeper and cook—declared "they looked as though they'd seen ghosts there in broad day and the open square," not knowing how like ghosts those two able-bodied men had regarded each other in that first moment of their meeting.

They had a private dinner served in Mr Redesdale's own apartments, and their respective adventures were told again. Kenyon had gained an insight of his wife's plans by her attempts to cajole him out of the papers of his employer, but he guarded his trust sacredly until the power to do so departed from him, and it was left to the schemer to triumph more fully and more easily than even she had anticipated. The first news which reached him after his rescue and landing on his native soil again was that the cousin whose name was the same as his own had been dead for three years, and that he was sole heir. He entered his claims at once; but the time since his cousin's death and his own long absence in foreign parts made the whole affair rather tedious to settle; there was much to be done in the way of hunting up proofs and certifying to statements before it could be settled, as had been done finally that very

Meantime he had not forgotten the trust of his late employer. He was not long in discovering the steps his wife had taken, but she had already worn her false position for nearly two years, and a few weeks more could signify little while it would leave him better prepared to cope with her. Had he appeared in his poverty and friendlessness as her accuser, with no testimony to back his word, she could readily enough have faced him down with some plausible story, and left him a mark of contume-ly for attempting the malicious libel she would

most probably have represented the tale.

His yearning for his daughter had led him to reveal himself prematurely, as it was. Since the night of the masked ball he had been ill at ease through his distrust of her. It was scarcely like Mirette to give up the game without a desperate effort for the triumph. His own pressing matters of business disposed of, he determined to seek her again, and was on his way

when this opportune meeting occurred.

Mr. Redesdale imparted his fears and anxieties regarding his own daughter. Their mutual disclosures and after-consultation resulted in a conviction that the sudden disappearance of the party covered more desperate purposes than yet had been suspected.

They were only partly correct in their con-clusions, since the false Mrs. Redesdale was ignorant of other danger threatening her than appeared with the husband whose bleaching bones she had hoped were long ere this deco-rating a little South Sea desert isle. Another renconter took place that afternoon

As Aubrey turned a corner, quite absorbed in his own reflections, he ran square against a young man in naval officer's uniform coming from the opposite direction. "Decidedly awkward, that. Beg your pardon most sincerely. Why, Forsythe, you!"

"Lessingham, by all that's good! Had 'clouds in your head and wore boots of lead' to being any against a follow like that hadd!

to bring up against a fellow like that, hadn't you? By Jove, I'm glad to see you, though, old fellow. "Where did you drop from, Forsythe? thought you were safely stowed away out on

the lakes, watching those sly little tricksters which shoot out from the Canada side." "Been exchanged. Come, I have just three hours to spare, and then I'm back to duty again. Don't make any excuses, boy. There are some racy developments at hand, which I'll give you an inkling of, if the rare compliment of my society isn't inducement enough."

Later, when the two friends sat over a deli-

cious dinner in a neighboring club-room, For sythe reverted to those same developments which

were soon to come. We're on particular duty down along the Jersey coast. A nice little smuggler's nest there which has eluded the sharpest for years past, and might have gone on forever undiscovered, but one of our jolly tars put on a disguise and went scouting with such effect that he worked along with them for a couple of months, learned the ropes and got away without bein suspected. We go out to-night and shall cruis about until their boat runs in, then swoop down and rake them out clean, men and booty would you think now to find a man with whom you've been hand and glove-one of your sports here about the city, and whom Dame Rumor re ports on suspiciously intimate terms with a gay widow, rich as she's fair and dashingwould you say to finding such a man the ac-

knowledged head of the precious gang?" "Simply incredible. At least, not within the range of probability." "True, for all. And the best of it is we have reason to believe we shall snare him along with

all the smaller game." 'Him-whom? I can't imagine!" "Let me whisper in your ear, then. The gay, the brilliant, the versatile—the honored, petted lucky—the hated, feared, adventurous—Colonel Marquestone. Those are the gradations he Marquestone. Those are the gradations he ranges through, I believe, in society, with the

women, and among the men." 'Marquestone!' "Marquestone. Why, man, you look horrified as if he might be your own grandmother and you had to bear the burden of the ance tral sins. The gallant colonel's course is about run, I think. We have it from sources authentic that he has gone yachting down to the ren dezvous. Our informant-spu if you don't ob ject to plain terms—says he had ladies aboard but he was tracked to the very spot, so there's no mistaking. If it be the fair fiancee— Good

Lord! has the boy gone wild?"
He might well be excused for asking. Aubrey nearly overturned the table to grasp him by the hand, pouring out protestations of gratitude rejoicing and thankfulness, seeming to the young revenue officer as quite uncalled for.

"Forsythe, I'm indebted for life! It's certainly the right clue we've got hold of at last." "Shall I take your note for that debt, or your impertinent address and nonchalant stare at the stranger accompanying him. "That is all, Thomas."

word: Since it's a life affair one's as good as the other, I suppose. Now sit down and tell me what you mean by such incomprehensible conduct, will you?"

Aubrey, the first burst over, complied After the recital was concluded, the dinner over, and the last minute of Lieutenant Forsythe's time of leave expired, the two friends shook hands warmly and parted. The lieutenant went his way back to his vessel, and Aubrey went straight to the apartments of Mr.

Redesdale. The revenue cutter sailed that night; and next morning a large, trimly-rigged yacht, manned and provisioned for a number of days, followed in her wake. And aboard the yacht were Mr. Redesdale, Alec Kenyon, and Aubrey

Lessingham.
(10 be continued—commenced in No. 149.)

#### SOLON.

BY JOE JOT, JE.

In ancient times there lived a man As wise as wise could be, Named Solon, and in all the land Was none so wise as he.

He was a true philosopher, Of which the world has few, And was the first to demonstrate That one and one is two.

And, what is more than we know now, He knew about the laws; Indeed he was a keen old file, And left some sharp old saws.

It was by accident he found That one could not get wet
If he would hurry when it rains
And get beneath a shed.

He knew then that the earth was not Exactly like a pill, And was the first to teach the world Water don't run up hill.

He proved that nobody could fall From tree-tops any more
If he'd have common sense enough
To climb down just before.

He taught the people it was wrong To carry melted lead In coat-tail pockets, and for this They blessed his kindly head.

He first discovered men could see But little without eyes, And showed that ignorance was but The lack of being wise.

### A Man's Work.

BY LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

AND you really think, Cheswicke, that it is possible for a true woman to be connected with a circus ?"

'I am not prejudiced, Braxton, and I do think it possible. Not probable, I grant you, but still possible. If you doubt it, look at that woman's face.'

The words, spoken incautiously loud, floated across the intervening space and reached Inza Dare. She sat like a queen on her prancing steed, as proudly graceful, as haughtily erect, as if she were not an attache of a traveling circus; the long, sweeping plume of her hat drooping over her shoulders, and her black velvet habit falling in graceful folds around her slender petite figure. Just now she was not listening to the tiresome small talk of her attendant cavalier, and the carelessly spoken words, so full of meaning to her, attracted her attention. She raised her eyes with a sudden flame in them, and, looking in the direction of the sound, met the clear, earnest gaze of Lynn Cheswicke, which was instantly withdrawn.

For just a moment she studied that handsome, manly face, with its clear, dark eyes, and long drooping mustache of golden brown that match ed his waving hair-studied it with an earnest ness for which she could hardly have account-Then she withdrew her eyes, and glanced down the long, glittering line before her.

"So there is one person of all the world who has a good opinion of me," she thought, bitterly, seeming still to see the earnest eyes of the man who had thought her face was proof of her womanliness. "And this is-"

She did not finish the thought. Lifting her eyes, they fell on a large poster on the opposite wall, bearing, in staring red letters, the words: "INZA, THE DARING EQUESTRIENNE QUEEN." Again the hot flame leaped to her eyes, and she turned away with a passionate gesture of impa-

tience. The band was playing loudly; on every side hundreds of people were looking at the cavalcade. She did not notice them—her mind was too busily occupied. There are crises in all our lives; this day was a crisis in Inza When the ground was reached and the tents

up, she sought the manager, and expressed her intention of leaving the circus at once. In vain
Monsieur stormed and expostulated. The chain
—forged by want—that bound her to this life,
was a hateful one, and—though she did not

the conservatory was flung wide, and a broad, realize it-something in Lynn Cheswicke's face and words gave her courage to break it.
So, all unknowing, she left the old life behind her, and went out alone, in the gathering dusk,

She had twenty-five dollars in her pocket; she was alone and friendless, a stranger in a strange place. Walking slowly along, thinking over the problem, she stumbled against a welldressed elderly gentleman, coming out of a shop. He turned, begged pardon, and then, at sight of her face, stopped with a sudden ex-

"For Heaven's sake, madame, what is your name?" he asked.

"Inza Dare."

"Her name, too," he muttered, as if to himself, then to her, "Dare is not your own name?"
"No, it is the name of my foster-parents. I was a foundling. The name 'Inza' was on my

She was inwardly wondering at his questions but answered them without hesitation, she hard-

Was there no clue?" he asked, eagerly-":

note, a locket, or—"
"This only." She lifted a chain of fine gold "This only." She made a can him. from her neck, and held it toward him.

"It is he

chain-your mother's! You have her face and You are Inza Somers, and my grander. Your mother, Inza Rulande, mardaughter. ried against my wishes. Her husband died when you were but a few weeks old, and my daugh ter drowned herself. Her lifeless body was found floating in the river, but of you, her in fant, no trace could be found. I could not be lieve you dead, and I have been looking for you always. You will come home with me? So the problem was solved for her, and Inza went to live at the hall, a grand old place that had been the home of the Rulandes for hun-

dreds of years. It was a nine days' wonder, of course. The aristocracy of the neighborhood were very much surprised and shocked, but they could afford to be gracious. She was no longer Inza Dare, the friendless waif, but Inza Somers, the beautiful, petted grandaughter of Fletcher lande, and heiress to all the broad lands of Ru-

lande Hall.

And to Inza herself the world seemed sudden ly to have blossomed from a barren desert into a wilderness of spring bloom. She filled the old house with gay young guests; she talked and sung, and lived all the glad young life within her without restraint. She saw Lynn Cheswicke almost constantly, and as the days went hy she came to realize, with an intensity that brought the shy roses out on her cheeks at the thought, that one glance from his clear, brown eyes, one smile from the gravely tender lips, that always spoke so gently, was worth more to

or than all the world beside. So her new life opened brightly, with apparatus no cloud to dim it. Only, sometimes her than all the world beside ently no cloud to dim it. there crept into it a dark shadow from the past that, while it lingered, checked the song on her lips, and darkened the light of her eyes. But ere, in this new home, no shadow could re-

main long, and she was happy.

And impulsive, warmhearted Nina Reid throw herself into the low rocker of Inza's dressing-room, and looked admiringly up at hear?" he asked.

He turned to her sternly as she came in. from his pipe and half rose in the stern-sheets. sheets.

"'Now for the honor of the stars and stripes, And impulsive, warmhearted Nina Reid threw herself into the low rocker of Inza's her laughing friend.

She did look beautiful, in her misty dress of pale sea-green, with her long golden hair floating over her shoulders, and a rosy flush mounted to her face as she glanced into the tall mirror at the graceful figure reflected there, and thought shyly that perhaps Lynn Cheswicke might admire her too.

"Thank you, Nina," she replied, smiling. "Shall we go down? I must be ready to receive my guests, and I hear a carriage approach-

It was one of the grandest parties of the season, and when the guests had all arrived, the spacious rooms of Rulande Hall were crowded. It was still early in the evening when Inza, standing for a moment alone, rather abstractedly watching the scene before her, was aroused by Lynn Cheswicke's voice at her side: "'There was a sound of revelry by night,'"

he quoted, gayly. "Are you studying human nature from this display, Miss Somers?"

"Not exactly," was the smiling answer. "I believe I was castle-building."

'Will you come into the conservatory?" "With pleasure. The rooms are disagree-

ably warm. The conservatory was a beautiful place, with rare plants, whose tropical luxuriance and dreamy odors made it a flowery paradise; but they only lingered there a moment, and then stepped out upon a tiny, vine-wreathed portico, where the air was laden with spice from the dew-wet roses, and the sobbing strains of Beethoven's Grand Dream Waltz came like a sweet, sad murmur.

They stood for a moment in silence, and then Lynn Cheswicke turned to the fair woman up-

n his arm: "Inza," he said, with all the strong love of a strong man in his voice, "I asked you to come here that I might tell you something I have vished to long. Something of it you must have divined from your own heart, but you can not know how much, how dearly, I love you, nor how I want you.'

He had taken one of her hands, and she laid the other upon his shoulder, and lifted her face

to his.
"I love you, too," she whispered, with sweet frankness; "and if you will take me, knowing all my past, I will be yours." He wound his arms about her, and kissed,

with passionate fondness, the sweet face upon " Let the past be past, Inza; I care nothing

for it so long as I have you."
"But there is something I want to tell you—

She hesitated, and even through the cool darkness, he felt the cheek that touched his own grow suddenly hot. "Go on," he said gently; "my darling is not afraid to tell me?"

"No, not afraid, for perfect love casts out doubt; but, Lynn—"
The sentence was never finished. Inside the conservatory some one began repeating, in clear,

mocking tones, the lines: There is mockery in our wooing, there is death in all

He liveth best who loveth least—the fool alone es It was a man's voice, low and musical, but at its first sound Inza Somers' heart gave a great, frightened throb, and then seemed to stand still. It was so sudden—the breaking of that clear, well-remembered—only too well remembered—

well-remembered—only too well remembered—voice, into her happy present, just as she was thinking of its owner, too, that she almost screamed aloud, as she sprung from her lover's arms and stood trembling beside him, gazing with dilating eyes in the direction whence it came. Lynn felt the startled quivering of the hand, still within his own, and turned toward her in surprise

clear banner of light streamed out, clearly revealing them both, as well as the man who stood within it—a tall, elegant man—handsome one would have said, only for the bad lines in his face, who fixed his eyes on the shrinking girl before him, and bowed gracefully.

An unexpected pleasure, Miss Somers," the musical voice said. " How do you do ?" She drew herself up haughtily. "Preston Waldridge, how dare you come here to my grandfather's house, and presume to speak to me?" she demanded.

He laughed a light, mocking laugh, that caused Lynn Cheswicke's strong right hand to

"The son of your grandfather's friend is a welcome guest," he replied, lightly, "but you, Pansy—times have changed it seems to me. I presume,' do I?" A passionate gesture of scorn was her only eply to the sneer, but Lynn turned to him

"Not another word to this lady, sir!" he commanded; "you are speaking to my betrothed wife!"

An evil light shone in Preston Waldridge's Indeed!" he said sneeringly. making her your wife, had you not better in-quire whether she has not already been the wife, in all but the name, of another man?"

Inza uttered a low cry, and stood as if para-I think she will not deny leaving her home lang syne' with me," he went on, with a mockng smile. "You appear surprised; pray ask

Struck by the assurance in his manner, and dumb with amazement, Lynn had stood mutely gazing at him, but now he turned his bewilderd eyes upon Inza, who stood motionless beside Something in her face, in the expression of her eyes as she stood looking at the accuser, in her drooping posture and shrinking air, showed that there was the sting of truth in the accusation, and aroused in his mind a doubt. For the moment he forgot his faith in the woman he loved, and placed it, as men are wont to do, in his fellow-man.

"Inza," he said, sternly, "what does this pull, oh, do; please!"

Don't go to sleep, boys, if you love me. I hear some of you snoring now. Waken up and pull, oh, do; please!"

mean? She lifted her pleading eyes to his face, and read there, with all a woman's quickness, his doubt. Her face turned as white as the faces of the dead—her lips moved twice before she spoke. "Oh, my God!" she cried, sharply.

Then she was gone, down the steps—lost among the black shadows of the garden, and they were left alone, the two men who between them had hunted her down. Lynn Cheswicke turned haughtily to his companion.

Never speak to me again," he said, sternly. 'I despise you too much for words to express. When he returned to the parlor Inza was there among her guests, pale but composed. He staid but a few minutes, and an hour later Preston Waldridge, too, departed, but to the heart-crushed woman left behind, there came the knowledge, from a hundred little nameless things, that not to Lynn Cheswicke alone had he repeated the blackening story. And when, at an early hour, her guests departed, and she

down at his feet, where she lay white and

The front parlor of Rulande Hall was darkened—the servants moved about with low voices and noiseless footsteps. In that dark-ened room, with quiet hands folded over her pulseless heart, Inza Somers lay in her coffin, and kneeling beside her, with his white anguished face hidden in his hands, Lynn Cheswicke wrestled with his agony. He had sown the seed, and this was his harvest.

From that long swoon Inza had wakened to rave in the wild delirium of brain fever, and in the days that followed, while they hung over her, watching for one ray of returning reason, they had heard the whole story from her unconscious lips—of her cheerless, loveless childhood, of the idle tourist loitering in the lovely New England village; of his accidental meeting with the innocent child of fifteen, and following up the acquaintance thus begun; of his professed love that was the first ray of sunshine in her darkened life; of the displeasure of the Dares; of the insidious protestations of the man who had grown, in a few short weeks, to be her all; of her elopement with him, and the discovery, on reaching the city, of the great wrong he had intended her; of her horrified flight from him; of the long days of struggling with want afterward; of her connection with the circus; of her meeting with Preston Wald-ridge two years after her flight from him, and his threats of vengeance because of her scorn— all this and much more, they had heard as they hung over her, battling with the Destroyer, and praying with all the strength of love and remorse that she might be spared to them. They had prayed in vain. Under the blow her wo-man's heart had broken, and without one lucid moment in which they might beg forgiveness and say farewell—she was dead.

Dead! Silent forever—forever gone! A mighty cry rose to Lynn Cheswicke's lips as he

"Ah, Inza! My poor murdered darling! Only come back and say that you forgive me!"

Vain regrets! The dead lips would never speak—the remorseful prayer never be answer-

The perfume from the roses stole in through the window; the robins hopped upon the sill and peered curiously into the darkened room at the sweet dead face in the coffin, and the living one so full of anguish and remorse beside it. And out in the summer sunshine the man who had wrought this ruin walked upright with unblushing face among his fellow-men, not only tolerated, but honored and respected!

## Forecastle Yarns.

BY C. D. CLARK.

A RACE FOR A WHALE. "WE sailed from Martha's Vineyard early in the spring, for those were the days when whal-ing was whaling, and the captain who sent in a ing was whaling, and the captain who sent in a full cargo of prime oil was a made man, and the crew could jingle many dollars in their breeches pockets. Nowadays, instid of burnin' ile, I've heerd tell that they dig into the airth and let out a nasty, stinkin' stuff they call Peter-oleum. I should think it was by the smell, but I don't hold to no sech new-fangled notions. Why, in those days a harpooner was a big man: but what is he now. I ask you-

a big man; but what is he now, I ask you—what is he now? Little better, by the big horn spoon, than a common foremast Jack. I'd as live be a blue-jacket, and done with it."

"That's so, Old Ben," replied one of the mess.

"The Sarah Ann was a tidy craft, and let her once get the wind abeam and she'd skip along in a way that would 'stonish you, and we got up into the North Sea as soon as the best. When we got on the fishing-ground, it was dark, but at 'arly morning we saw company-a heavy Dutch-built brig and an English barque. I knowed the Englishman by his stumpy top-masts—I can tell a lime-juicer as fur as I can see him. I don't hold to lime-juice myself, and

would as soon have the scurvy. Potatoes will keep it off better than that blasted juice." Low murmurs of approval from the listeners, who hated lime-juice as they did the father of evil, and Old Ben went on.

"'See here,' said the old man, who was standing by the rail. 'There's a Johnny Bull—and there's a Dutchman, and I don't 'low any sech to beat me. Will you pull, my sons when the whale blows?

"Would we! I guess a Yankee sailor can't bear to be beat, and we gi'n the old man three cheers. Just then the look-out on the to'gallant fok'sel sung out, 'There she blows!' and when we looked out, there was spouts, maybe a mile away-a trifle nearer the other craft

than us.
"'Jump, you timber-toes, jump! yelled the 'Oh, do jump; start your seams, you

sea draft; away you go!' "I tell you, boys, there was some lively work done in getting those boats into the water. The Johnny and Hans were not asleep, and when we headed away from the Sarah Ann there they were pulling like devils, and we had further to go than they. I was harpooner, and pulled bow, of course, and if I ever pulled in y life, I did then. The captain was a little fellow, but one of the smartest seamen afloat. He was half standing in the stern, making the oar play through the water as he steered, and

cheering us in old-fashioned whaleman's style. That's a Johnny Bull, my boys,' he said, 'and you can't allow him to beat us. If you do, I'll jump overboard. Stretch yourselves and pull; pull, till every thing starts; pull for the stars and stripes-E Pluribus Unum, and the rest of it. And a Dutchman, boys; a Dutchman. You can't let him beat

"As if we were not pulling! Not a man in the crew but felt that all depended on his arm. We had not passed half a mile of water, when we were side by side, and the captain's boat of each nationality strained to the van. It was nip and tuck, now Yankee, now Dutchman, then Englishman—and the devil take the hindmost. The other boats were strung out in the rear, but we in the captain's boat felt that the honor of the Yankee nation depended upon our arms, and we pulled well. So did they—I'll 'em credit, for they desarve it.

Soundings,' says the captain. 'There We had all headed for the nearest fishbig sperm with a jaw like a Dutch galiot. As he went down, the captain lighted his pipe and we sat with suspended oars, waiting. Would it be nearer us than would he rise? the others? All depended upon that. Our rivals rested upon their oars, and much chaff was hurled from the opposing boats by the crews, "Inza, you are perfectly radiant! That dress sat in the silence of her own room, there came while the captains watched each other with in placable eyes. When the usual time of sounder half so lovely, I am sure."

She looked up at him, and in his face, also, she read that the word of a man who would unblushingly avow himself a villain had been taken against her. With a low moan she slid clear barrels they expect to draw from our fish. But it can't be, boys; you never will allow it. Ha; there she breaches! Pull, ye devils, pull. Go in, Ben, go in! Let 'em have it, the worst kind. Break your backs, you sons of freedom unj'int your backbones, if you must.'

"The Englishman had a slight advantage

for the whale breached within four hundred yards of him, and we were twenty fathoms from his boat. I never pulled as I pulled then, and yet you ought to have seen the old man. We couldn't do enough to suit him, and the Englishman was just as bad. The cachalot had made us out now, and sticking his big head out of the water—they always do that when they want to go—away he went, dead before the wind, and we after him. The Dutchman never gave up, but we could see that he was outside the ring, and our first mate and another Englishman were racing down on another fish, with our boat ahead. You never heard such howling in all your life. If the fate of the nations depended on us, we couldn't have worked harder, and we drew up on the Johnny, inch by inch. But we were getting close onto the whale, too, and a minuit more would tell the story. I was so crazy that I wanted to send my harpoon into that English harpooner and stop him that way, and yet it was all fair. But to be beat-to be beat Johnny-that's where the shoe pinched me. Closer, closer; we were almost stem and stern, when the Englishman yelled to his man to

'stand up!'
"I didn't wait for an order then, but whirled with my harpoon in my hand, just in time to see the Englishman with his iron raised above his head. He lifted his foot to get it against the cleat, but there was a little water in the

"We backed out of danger, the Johnny swearing until all was blue, and our captain smilin' as a basket of chips. Their harpooner dove and came up out of the flurry, and they was so mad that I thought one time they wasn't going to help him in. But they did at last and bore away for another fish, leaving us in our glory. The Dutchman was ahead of them, though, and made fast to the fish he was arter, and the Johnny didn't get a cussid fish. We killed ours and the first mate another, and mebbe I didn't get double grog all that trip. But if that man's foot hadn't slipped, I should have been disgraced."

### Beat Time's Notes.

THE boy's description—I'll tell you as how it was—you see Bill and me was down at the dam—excuse me—catching fish, though we didn't catch any; I only got one bite and Bill told me to scratch, but I didn't. Well, I rech in my pocket and found my knife, and it was gone, and I said Bill you stole my knife, and he said I was another, and I said go there yourself, and he said it was no sich a thing, and I said he was a liar and could whip him if I was bigger'n him, and he said he'd rock me to sleep mother. him, and he said he'd rock me to sleep mother, and I said he was a bigger one, and he said I never had the measles, and I said for him to fork over that knife, and he said he couldn't see the fork, and I said I'd fix him for a tombstone at Robertson's. And he said my grand-mother was no gentleman, and I said he dar-sent take it up, but he did, you bet, you never —well, you never did. Then I got up again, and said he was too much afraid to do it again, and he tried to but he didn't, and I grabbed him and throwed him down on top of me like sever al brick; and I tell you it beat all—and so did ran, and I ran after the dog to fetch him back and didn't catch him till I got clear home, and I'll whip him more yet. Is my eye very black?"

Last night I overheard the soft voice of some soft fellow in the following to the moon-or somebody else:

Mary had a little lamb of the sheep persuasion, The fleas on its back were white as snow, And every where that Mary went any place The lamb was sure to go on a bust, It went with her to school one day Which was against the golden rule, It made the children laugh and take pastime To see the little fool.

And so the teacher turned him inside out But he sat upon the fence, And waited patiently about twelve o'clock Till Mary made her appearance and came out—

But at this point the ungentlemanly hiccups cut the balance of the song all up into little bits of

THINGS go by turns, and an organ is certainly one of those things, one of which was in town esterday, in company with an Italian nobleman in disguise, and a monkey, also in disguise, try-ing to turn an honest penny. The nobleman drew up the notes and the monkey did the col-lecting, but I think they did a large credit business here—the people not being favorable to double-barreled music. Little children grew wild over the little monkey. Sage heads found amusement looking at the monkey, and the monkey found amusement looking at the sage heads. Jones got excited and said he intended to buy an organ and start out, but I told him I didn't think he could get anybody to turn for him.

SMITH says he never sees a moral chap naking magnanimous efforts to keep on the sidewalk without the slightest balance in his favor-or, rather balanced like a young gosling -but what he grows humane over the desire to carry half his load.

the sly; their odor is quite strengthy, but I knew a young lady who publicly abhorred them who didn't eat them privately, with impunity and salt.

Pay your respects to your debts if you can't pay the debts—I'm not in debt, but it isn't my

LET your conversation be upright, whether you be with a member of Congress or a gentle-

A CLOTHES line was arrested the other day with three sheets in the wind on a big reel. New song for the nose-wait till I blow my

How stirring some men are-with a spoon.

ALL is vanity and taxation of spirits. A very sad lesson-lessening of wages.

#### SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

PM an old man, sad and ionely;
Wifeless, childless, there are none
To welcome home the toiler worn,
When his hard day's work is done:
Hollow smiles and hired service,
Duly meet me at the door;
But I sigh for absent faces—
Faces I shall see no more:
Save in fancy, when the daylight
Shrouded lies 'neath Night's dark pall;
And the flickering fire-fame throws
Changing shadows on the wall.
Then, and only then, I see them,
Then I see them one and all;
But, alas, they are mere shadows,
Shadows on the purfor wall!
Boyhood's merry-hearted playmates,
Oit I see them pictured there;
Ne'er again on earth I'll greet them,
For they are not—only were!
Manhood's true and tried companions,
Few and prized, I see them all;
And, one nearer yet, and dearer,
Smiles at me from yonder wall!
Well I know they are but shadows,
Ghosts who come at Mem'ry's call;
Yet I like to see them nightly—
Nightly on my parlor wall.
You may laugh and deem it folly,
Folly time to thus beguile;
Ah, my friend, be not too certain,
Wait, I pray you, wait awhile;
Wait till Age comes creeping on;
Wait till Age comes creeping on;
Wait till alse ut Life has gone;
Then, perchance, though now so scornful,
You on Memory may call;
Like the old man, sad and lonely,
Welcome shadows on the wall.

## ALL ABOUT CANARY BIRDS.-IL

CANARIES are often taught to sing tunes by means of a bird-organ, but it is very difficult to teach them. The bird must be taken away from the others while very young, so that it can not hear any other bird, and kept in a darkened cage, with just enough light to eat. By going into the room at night and playing on the boat, and his foot slipped from the cleat, and organ an hour or more each evening, it will lishe went head first into the water. He slung ten to the tune, its attention not being attracted ten to the tune, its attention not being attracted the went head first into the water. He slung the iron as he went, and I saw it glance from the whale's back, cut out a furrow, and drop into the sea on the other side. Long before it struck the water, my iron was in the whale hard and fast.

"'Starn all!"

"We backed out of danger, the Johnny

The went head first into the water, it is attention not being attracted by any thing else in the room, which must be dark. If this course is pursued for several months the bird becomes able to sing the tune it has heard so frequently. Should it hear another bird during this time, it will in many cases not be successful; in fact it hardly repays one for the trouble, the work being so tedious. It is not long after the bird is let out of its quarters before it begins to lose the knowledge of the tune, because it hears the notes of other birds, which it tries to imitate, thereby forget-ting the original notes. Professor Waterhouse Hawkins mentions the fact of a talking canary, that spoke a few words, which was exhibited in the streets of London a number of years ago. Mr. Sotheby recently sent a communication to the Zoological Society of London, giving a description of a talking canary belonging to a friend of his, that could whistle the first few bars of "God save the King" quite clearly, and would call, "Minnie," "Kiss Minnie," "Kiss me now, dear Minnie," and several other phrases.

They can be taught to perform tricks which are very amusing and cause much astonishment to those who behold them. Many of our readers will remember a traveling showman who exhibited about a dozen performing canaries in the streets of this city a few years ago. He carried them in a small cage, together with a round stand, on which they performed their tricks. Four of the birds were taken from the cage, each dressed in a diminutive coat, and harnessed to a small wagon, another was placed upon the seat, the reins put in its bill, and two more were seated in the wagon. At a given signal, the birds drew the wagon around the stand, continuing their course until the show-man rung a little bell, when they stopped and were put back into the cage. After a short rest the birds were again called upon to show their proficiency in the way of a drill. The whole force of birds were arrayed in bright regimentals, tiny guns were put in the claws of one foot, and when one of the birds whistled a few notes they hopped on the remaining foot for a few moments in good order. Several other difficult as well as amusing tricks were shown, and the performance ended by one of the birds he and my little dog got bekind Bill and bit firing off a gun, pulling the trigger with its foot, him, and Bill kicked at the dog, and the dog affording much amusement to the bystanders gathered around to witness the exhibition.

In selecting canaries, a few instructions may be found useful as well as profitable. The mealy and the yellow are the two varieties most prized, as they possess the greatest excel-lence of song, together with the greatest beauty of color. As relates to song, those birds are most valuable that have not only their own notes, but some of the notes of the linnet, nightingale and woodlark. The musical birds are usually mottled or mealy in color, the bright yellow-colored birds being less strong and hardy in the feathers, but are often chosen on account of their beautiful color. Care should be taken to select canaries that are about a year old, which a person acquainted with the species can tell by the legs and feet. The legs and feet of the young birds appear smooth and glossy, with the toe-nails rather short; the old birds have their scales rusty and rough, the toe-nails long, and the feet some-what worn. A year-old bird, well taken care of, will sing until it reaches the age of eight or ten years. It is much better to purchase a male than a female bird, as the latter hardly sings at all. The male has a short, stout bill, wide between the eyes, with a full, round head, while the female is more slender. The long breed canaries, bred for style and shape, originally imported from Germany, were very much sought after a number of years ago, but they proved to be poor singers and very weak birds. They were very valuable, selling as high as one hundred dollars a pair. Their beauty consisted in being long and slender, of a curved form, with a long tail hanging below the perch, high shoulders, a round back, and a posture that the pelles of the present day imitate in the Grecian

As a general rule the canaries moult and shed their feathers in the months of September and October, during which time they usually stop singing. They ought to be kept in a cool oom, away from the fire and heat, and beyond Oxions are a very fine fruit, and are eaten on that when a bird is confined in a hot room during the moulting period, it continues to shed the feathers for several years, losing its song en-tirely in the meantime. To remedy this, place the bird in a cool room, where it will not be affected by the draught, sprinkle a little magnesia in the water used for drinking, and in the course of a month or two they will regain their song. The cages ought not to be suspended too near the ceiling of the room, as the hot air in ascending has a deleterious effect upon the birds; the proper distance is about three feet from the ceiling. They should be kept clean and free from bad odors, contain a little gravel on the bottom or floor, and possess at least one perch for the birds to rest upon. There should e separate vessels for the seed, water and other food. Besides these, a bowl or vessel filled with water is absolutely necessary, for the birds to perform their ablutions in. They are very fond of bathing, and they find much enjoyment in their wash. A piece of cuttle-fish should not be forgotten, for the birds to sharpen their bills, which is needed in order to cut the seeds and render digestion easy.